

The Silent Worker.

VOL. IX.

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NO. 6

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BLIND, DEAF-MUTE GIRL.

Sallie Thornton's Story.

INFANCY AND EARLY CHILDHOOD.

GN the State of Georgia, in Randolph County, there stood some thirty years ago a small and comfortable farm-house. The owner of this house was a school-master at the time we are now speaking of. His family consisted of two daughters, one son, a wife and himself. On the thirteenth of November, 1867, the family was increased by the birth of a third daughter, who is now the writer of this story.

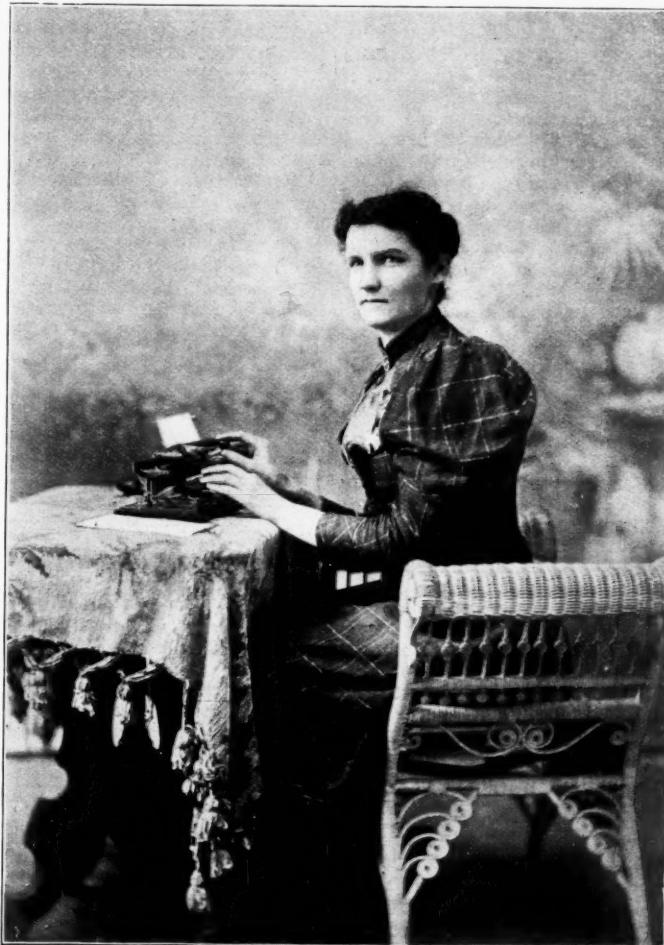
I was a very delicate child, not at all promising, and my road through life was a hard one, as will be seen farther on in this story. As my infancy will not be interesting, I will not dwell on it long. I will only speak of two events which have been related to me. The first is a severe attack of illness which came near ending my life. The doctor had been attending me for some time on account of teething, but I grew worse and worse, until finally a severe spell of illness set in. My parents carried me to the doctor to see what could be done, but he was perfectly dumbfounded when he examined me; he gave me up, saying that he had done all he could for me and that he could see no chance for my recovery. My parents took me home with a heavy heart; my mother, however, resolved not to give her child up as long as there was a spark of life, so she set about to try to doctor me herself. She gave me what she thought was needed, and I verily believe, through God's mercy, she saved my life. The second incident was that of being poisoned by mistake. I had a bad sore back of my ear, and my parents in putting on some ointment to heal it up, made a sad mistake in applying some preparation which had poison in it. What a shock it gave me! It immediately dried and crusted to my poor little ear, causing me to scream aloud for pain, whilst the family were frightened almost to distraction. Fortunately, however, one of my sisters ran and brought some cream with which she wiped off the poisonous preparation, and so relieved me.

I will now speak from my own memory. The first thing that I can readily remember is the time when my mother was paralyzed. I was only five years old then. Previously her health had been declining, she always had a delicate constitution any way. Oh! how well I remember that sad morning. We were all seated at the table for breakfast, except her and one of my sisters, who had carried breakfast to her. Suddenly we were startled by a terrible outcry of my sister in my mother's room. My father and remaining sister went to her assistance at once, but my brother and I remained at the table till our morning's meal was over, being too young to think of the dreadful calamity that was at hand. When

however, later, we looked upon the pale and deathlike face of our darling mother, it made such a deep impression upon our young minds that it was never, never to be forgotten. She did not then die, but lay as one dead for some time, perfectly helpless of both limb and speech. After a considerable lapse of time she began to revive a little, and finally she was

that afternoon, and it rained so very hard that we could not get back. That night after dark I looked out of the window towards home and saw a light in my mother's room. Oh, how I did cry! Finally I cried myself to sleep, and the next morning when I awoke the sun was shining brightly, the little birds poured forth their joy in song, and the whole earth seemed

me on the foot, but did not notice it at first, until, hearing the leaves rattling and feeling a strange sensation about my foot, I looked down, and, to my great surprise and terror, there was a most frightful rattlesnake right under my feet: I cannot begin to express the terror I was thrown into when I saw the danger I was in. It had already bitten me three times. I screamed and ran towards my playmates, telling them that I had been bitten by a snake. At first they thought that I was only frightened. They were not long in doubt, as the muscles soon began to draw in one of my feet and prevented me from walking. They led me to the school house however, and from there I was carried home. All this time the poison was circulating through my system, and unfortunately we had nothing at home to counteract the poison until it was too late. It was a long time before I could attempt to walk again, and my parents were anxious about me. They tried every thing to cure me. Finally I began to get so that I could walk a little and kept improving until seemed to have quite recovered; nevertheless, some people believed that the affliction which followed was the result of this poisoning. During the following summer and latter part of the succeeding winter I had a severe attack of rheumatism in my knees, which confined me to the house for about three months, during which time I had to be lifted about from one place to another like an infant. I suffered a great deal of pain. The doctor exerted all his skill to relieve me, but it all seemed to be in vain. At last, when the warm spring days began to open, I commenced to improve somewhat; the swelling gradually lessened, and by the time the summer opened I was able to run about again. But I had hardly recovered from this attack of rheumatism when, during the same summer, I began to lose my sight. It commenced by a very thin white skin growing over the pupil of my left eye something like a cataract, and at first altogether painless. As winter approached, however, it began to pain me very much. My parents had a doctor treat it, but he seemed to do no good whatever. Finally my right eye began to sympathize with the left, and they both kept growing worse all the time, until I could not even see enough to find my way, and had to be led. During that same winter I had a very bad swelling of the throat, which the doctor at first thought was caused by scrofula, but it proved to be otherwise, as it was afterwards cured. Early in the following spring I began to lose my hearing also, and like my sight, it kept getting worse all the time, until I was quite deaf. After trying in vain for several years to have my sight and hearing restored, my parents decided to take me to Silo Springs, Arkansas, as its water was highly recommended for all kinds of diseases, but it did me no other good than to cure my throat trouble. When I lost my sight and my hear-



SALLIE THORNTON.

enabled to walk and talk quite freely again.

During the following year it was that I started to school, being then nearly six years of age. I went from that time, off and on, until I was going on twelve, but, being frail and sickly, I did not learn fast. Possibly I might have tried harder, and made better use of those golden days had I thought that my sight and hearing were so soon to be taken from me. I was but a child and had no thoughts or cares in regard to the future. I was six years old, when one night I had to stay away from my mother. It was the first time that I had ever been away from her at night. I was a spoiled little girl then, humored and petted because I was compelled to stay away from home. I had gone with one of my aunts to call on a lady

full of life. In a little while I found myself skipping along the rain-washed path towards home, but never to forget that unhappy night. I could tell many more little incidents of my childhood, but it would make my story too long, and, besides, it might not interest you.

BITTEN BY A SNAKE.

We now approach the time when my afflictions really began. I was between nine and ten years of age and was going to a country school, when I was bitten by a rattle-snake. It happened thus: one afternoon all of us little girls were playing out in front of the school-house in a little wood. After a while I ran off to the other end of an old log that lay close to us, and stepped down in a bed of dry leaves. I felt something sting

ing I was about fifteen years of age, and at first was very unhappy and miserable.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

I had never tried to seek God and his comfort, but looked to the things of this world to make me happy, but after I became both blind and deaf this world was not the same to me that it had been, and I soon learned that I should never be happy until I sought Jesus. I began very quietly and secretly to seek Him, as I was very backward and timid, especially in religious matters. My dear parents at times had dreadful scenes in getting me to go to church. It would fret me so much that I frequently became fearfully vexed. But after I resolved in my own mind to seek the Lord it was no trouble to get me to go, for I knew I ought to go to church and be with His beloved ones, if I ever expected to find peace and happiness with Him. I would never go up to be prayed for, because I did not want any one to know that I was trying to be a Christian, though I knew that nothing would please my dear parents more than to know that their poor afflicted child was trying to be a Christian. But I was too timid. I could not bear to let it be known. Nevertheless, I prayed all to myself; and, dear readers, would you believe it, God was so kind and merciful as to hear my simple prayers, and answer them. But I did not let it be known to any one until five years after, and then I told it to my dear mother. Of course, she was delighted, and encouraged me very much. I then joined the church a few days after I had told my mother I had a desire to do so. I was very happy after that, as I felt that I would not be doing right if I did not join after I had been converted.

A DARK CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

I still could hear well enough at times to understand talking, if any one spoke very loud, although I had several spells of complete deafness, which were caused, it is supposed, by a cold settling in my head. I was very much in need of some means to learn to read and write. It had now been ten years since I could see well enough to read by sight, and I had passed through so much affliction during that time that I had nearly forgotten all that I had learned in my childhood.

AT SCHOOL.

It was then, about a year later in 1888, that my parents decided that I must go to school, and that event, after the first five months, recalls to my mind most pleasant memories. My father wrote to Dr. Dye, the Superintendent of the Blind School in Little Rock, telling him all about my condition and asking whether they would undertake to teach me. In a few days a kind and most welcome letter was received, in which dear Dr. Dye said they would take me and see if they could teach me, and urged my father to send me at once. I started all alone early the following day, Saturday, and expected to reach Little Rock the next evening. Unfortunately, I was seized with one of my severe spells of deafness soon after I left home, but thought it would wear off after a little while, as others had done before. Alas, I was mistaken this time, for it never did wear off.

Nevertheless, I reached Little Rock at the appointed time, having been put in care of the conductor, but I was quite deaf and a long way from home, among entire strangers, though everybody was as kind and friendly as if they had known me all my life. I

shall never forget the night I first met Doctor Dye. He saw me before I reached the institution; gave me a cordial welcome, and tried to talk to me, but could not make me understand. It was the last of October when I arrived in Little Rock, and I stayed there until the following March before I commenced to study at all. During all this time no one could talk to me. As I had never learned the sign-language, it was impossible to make me understand anything, but gradually I learned to understand signs. It was a lonely, long and weary winter. Spring, however, brought light and sunshine to my imprisoned mind.

I must try to relate one or two little incidents that took place during those sad months. I had been there about three weeks before I began to feel homesick, and when I did get homesick it came upon me like a great flood, and so affected me at times I thought I could not possibly stand it. Dr. Dye said in his letter that, if they could not teach me, he would send me home again. So one evening, when I was very homesick, I went to him crying most bitterly and begged him to send me home, adding that he promised to do so if they could not teach me, and telling him that I was not learning anything. But he would not listen to my leaving until I had learned something. He grasped me by the hand and gave it one of his warm-hearted and friendly squeezes, gently stroked my feverish cheeks, and exerted his utmost power to soothe and comfort me in my grief, and finally he did succeed, as he really had more influence over me than any one else. The first thing I knew, I had forgotten my sorrow and tears, and was actually smiling, for I loved the Doctor dearly, feeling how hard he was trying to come nearer me. The result was, I returned to my place with a determination to try to be contented and do the best I could in all things, but in spite of all my struggling to keep down those homesick feelings, I would often have them. But I never begged the Doctor to send me home again.

It was very unpleasant to receive letters from my dear parents and never really know of myself what was in them. It is true, kind people would always read them to me, but I could not understand all they read. One morning I received a letter in which it appears my parents told me of the death of one of my brothers-in-law. He had the same name as that of my only brother. I cannot say how it happened, but somehow I caught enough to know that there was a death in our family and I thought it was my only brother. I cannot express my grief and agony of mind at the time. It was several days before I happened to think of my brother-in-law, whose health had been declining for years and whose death every one was expecting. Then only I learned the mistake I had made. This was the saddest thing that happened to me during all those long winter months.

PROGRESS.

I had been staying in the handicraft department all the time, and was learning to work a little, such as threading needles, knitting, sewing and making little bead baskets, and all such things. Miss Moore, the teacher of this department, was a very intelligent lady, though perfectly blind, and after she tried me on several different kinds of work, and saw that I showed a disposition to learn,

she felt quite sure that I could learn to read and write and do many other things, if I only had a teacher, but she could not teach me in books, as she had only the handicraft department to look after. I was the first deaf pupil that she had ever tried to teach, and of course, she did not at first understand it, but in time she learned and began to teach me some signs. We continued thus all winter. On the morning of the first of March I was sitting in the room (I believe I was working on a little basket) when a lady entered with something in her hand which at first I thought was a letter. She came to me and stopped, and my dear teacher gave me to understand that she would teach me to read if I wished to learn. Of course, I was delighted and accepted the offer most gratefully. I learned that what I supposed was a letter was an alphabet sheet with raised letters on it. I went with my new teacher so the reception room, as she was the visitors' attendant and attended to callers. She there laid the alphabet sheet on a table before me. She must have been very much confused at having to teach a person that could not see a letter nor hear a word. Nevertheless, she undertook it very bravely. I knew the way the letters followed one another, so when she put my hand on A, I said "A," though I did not know it by the touch. I knew it because it was the first letter. But I soon learned the capitals by touch, but when it came to the small letters—dear me! I thought I would never learn them, and it was six weeks before I did learn them. I would often fancy that my teacher was getting discouraged, but that was all a mistake, for she had great confidence in my ability to learn, and also a great deal of patience. We thus toiled on day after day, until at last I learned the letters. And then came spelling. I could spell but very little, but gradually I began to learn and thereafter learned very fast all the balance of that session. I then also learned to spell with my fingers and understand when others spelled into my hand. This made me very happy, as I could then understand what people said to me. Oh! how thankful I was to dear Dr. Dye that he did not send me home when I begged him to. He knew what was best for me.

My parents would have been very uneasy about me during that session, if it had not been for Dr. Dye's kindness and care in writing and keeping them well posted as to my progress, for I could not write myself until a few weeks before school closed, and I did not like to ask any one to write for me. I only had one or two letters written before I learned to write myself. When school closed, the last of May, I went home and my teacher went with me. After a very pleasant vacation, we again returned to school. I was now very eager to learn every thing. During the four sessions I attended the Arkansas School I learned a great deal, but my father removed from Arkansas to Texas, thinking that I would have the same advantages in the Blind School at Austin that I had in Arkansas, but unfortunately this was a mistake.

During the time I attended the school in Austin I had no opportunity to learn any handicraft, and my teacher, Mrs. Barrett, who tried her best to give me all the instruction she could, was so occupied with other duties that she could only at odd moments give me lessons, and finally the superintendent took her away

from me altogether, and at last I had to leave school.

Since returning home I try to read as much as possible; it gives me great pleasure to do so, but I have very few books, only the "Bible," "Dictionary," the "Life of Christ," "Paradise Lost," "Idylls of the King" and "Wee Davie." I like Scott's and Dickens' works almost better than any other.

In conclusion I want to say that I am thankful for the little I have been taught; it would be awful to be entirely without education. God has, indeed, been very merciful in giving me the warm and devoted friends I have, and making me so happy and contented with my lot.

SALLIE THORNTON.

Written for THE SILENT WORKER.

THE YELLOW METAL.

GOLD is the symbol of the power, wealth and glory of a nation, as is shown by the fact that the Phoenicians of ancient days offered to their gods purses of gold whenever they returned from war, triumphant over their foes.

There are 165 references to gold in the Bible, within its several books.

In the absence of Moses who ascended Mt. Sinai to talk with God, the Israelites made a golden calf as an object of worship. Moses, returning from the Mount, and finding them kneeling before the image, was so wroth that he threw down the tablets on which were inscribed the ten commandments, broke the idol to pieces, ground the pieces to powder and strewed the powder on the water.

The Queen of Sheba, on her visit to Solomon, brought 120 talents of gold as a present, in accordance with the custom of those days. And Solomon, who was the wisest of the wise men and the richest of the rich men of his time, knew the value of gold, for in the third chapter of Proverbs, speaking of wisdom as the greatest of all treasures, he says: "For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver and the gain thereof than fine gold." The same thought is beautifully expressed in the lines:

"It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir,
The gold and the crystal cannot equal it;
And the exchange of it shall not be for
jewels of fine gold."

The Scriptures mention the fact that the Israelites used gold—shekels and talents, which are terms of weight—as a medium of exchange.

In fact, in early times coined money was unknown, as we find no mention of it in the poems of Homer.

Gold was largely used in the decoration of King Solomon's temple, which we read "was overlaid within with pure gold."

The "wise men from the East" brought as offerings to the infant Jesus "gold, frankincense and myrrh." And in the Revelation St. John tells us that he saw "the city of God, new Jerusalem," with its streets paved with pure gold.

Turning to other ancient nations we learn that the wealthiest of the ancient Egyptians in embalming their dead often shaped masks of gold to cover their faces.

Lydia, a small country in the western part of Asia Minor, abounded in gold. Croesus, King of Lydia, was the richest monarch of his time and has become a proverb for wealth.

In ancient Rome Crassus was reputed the richest citizen, but his wealth

is said to have been equal only to seven million dollars, which is a small sum beside the hundred or two hundred millions of the Vanderbilt, Gould or Astor property.

It is said that on a certain occasion the arena of the vast Roman Colosseum in which gladiators fought, was sprinkled with precious powder mixed with gold dust, to exhibit the boundless prodigality of the Emperor or the Roman world.

The historian Diodorus relates that the statue of Olympian Jore, 60 feet high, carved by Phidias, the greatest sculptor of Greece, was all of gold and ivory. It is related that Alexander the Great was buried in a coffin of gold at Alexandria in Egypt.

America has been, *par excellence* the land of gold. On his first landing Columbus found the natives of Hispaniola rejoicing in ornaments of this metal, and he took a necklace of gold nuggets and a crown of the same, presented to him by the cacique.

Written for THE SILENT WORKER.

A TURKISH VENICE.

WITHIN the last generation or two a great deal has been learned about the successive steps by which the civilized races of men have lifted themselves from their original barbarism. In every part of the world are found relics which prove that in remote ages the inhabitants had no weapons or cutting instruments except such as they made from flint, chipped so as to make a rough edge. After centuries of gradual improvement they learned to grind smooth grained stones to an even edge. Later, they learned to dig and smelt, first copper and tin, then iron, for the same purpose. The "Stone Age," as scholars call the time when men had only stone tools, was many thousands of years ago, in Europe, but two hundred years ago the North American Indians were still living in their own

At one stage, and that quite an early one, of this development, the dwellers in the lake region of Switzerland had the custom of building their houses in the water, driving piles in the mud for the foundation, and raising the floor considerably above the level of the water.

Apparently quite a large population lived in this way, constituting, as is thought, a distinct race or at least having a distinct civilization of their own, and they are called by archaeologists "the lake dwellers." They probably lived several thousand years ago, and from the remains which have been found, (such as were, by the burning of one of these houses, charred and then dropped into the mud where they might remain indefinitely without decaying), they seem to have been emerging from the barbarous condition. They wove cloth, they had domestic animals, they cultivated the soil, raising a small grain which was not our wheat

Tartar ancestors lived and which they copied in timber and stone when they began to build permanent houses. However this may be, it is interesting to see the customs of a time earlier than history tells of, continued to our day.

w. j.

EDITORIALS.

(Continued from Editorial Page.)

WITH reference to our share in the thanks so courteously extended by the meeting in Calcutta, we wish to say that if the Babu Jamini Nath Banerji, A.B., (Univ. Calcutta) Principal, etc., got more pleasure and profit than we did, from his visit to this school, he is welcome to the balance in his favor; or, if he chooses, he may repay it by little attentions to us when we visit the Calcutta School, which by that time will be a large and flourishing institution.

* * *

WE have received from Mr. John Hitz a dainty little booklet, "The Story of a Fern," by his daughter, the late Mrs. Gertrude Hitz Burton. The treatise is a very successful and very charming specimen of the work which a cultured woman, with a gift both for scientific study and for literary expression, may do in leading children into the study of Nature. It is printed as a memorial, and has for frontispiece a photograph of Mrs. Burton with her three children. The book and the portrait impress us with the nobility of the answer which a cultivated woman made when obliged in court to answer as to her vocation; "Wife and Mother."

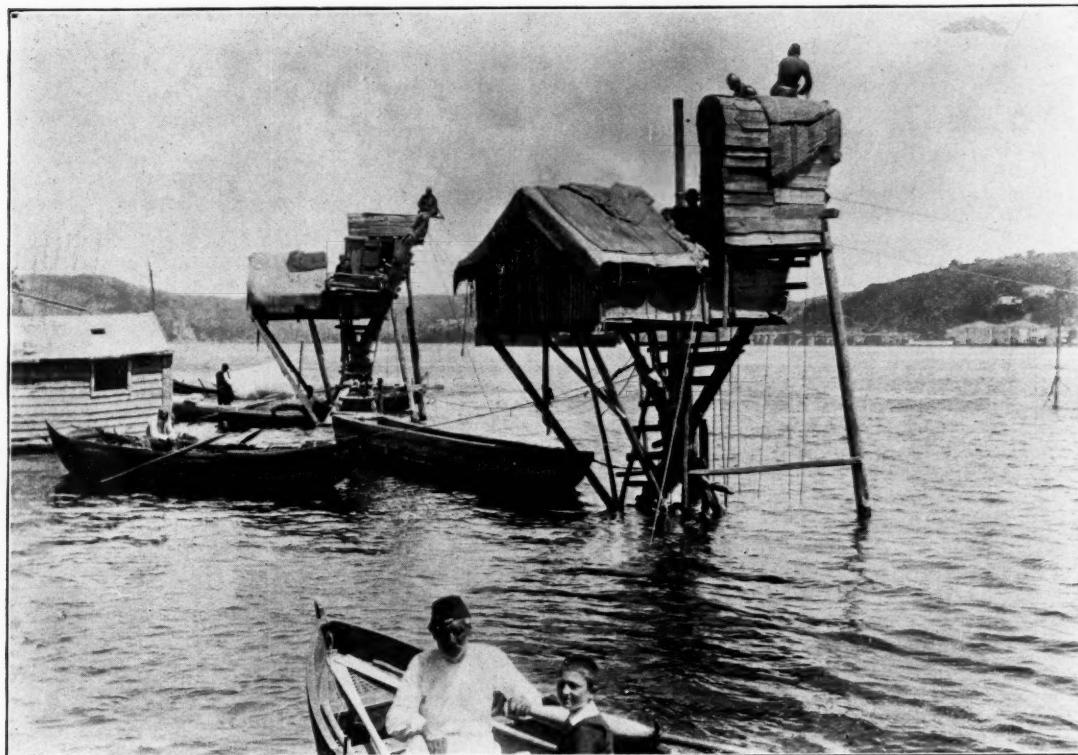
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HON MERCER BEASLY, the venerable Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, died at his residence in this city on the 19th of this month, at the age of eighty-two years. We believe that any well informed lawyer will say that we are within the truth in saying that he was a great judge—learned, broad-minded, cool, impartial. We remember hearing one of the foremost lawyers of this state, a year or two ago, pronounce him the ablest man then on the bench in any English speaking country. As to his legal knowledge, of course lawyers are the only competent judges, but a layman may, at least, form an opinion as to the power of the reasoning and the clearness of the language in which he set forth his conclusions on points submitted to the court over which he presided.

When you read an opinion of his in some important case, you found to your surprise, that you followed the thought without difficulty, and when you had finished you felt that, after all, law might be a great institution for the doing of right between man and man, not merely a game contrived for clever thimble-riggers to play at the expense of the bystanders. If you were of a literary turn, you admired the artistic sense which had guided the arrangement of so much learning into a form in which, while nothing of technical accuracy was sacrificed, it might stand as a mode of elegant crystal-clear English.

In character as well as in intellect, he realized the ideal of the English judge, upright, dignified, not to be moved, more than a statue, in anything pertaining to his public duties by fear or favor, sympathy or aversion—in short, the man just and tenacious of purpose.

In his private life he was kind, generous, and in all respects exemplary.



A TURKISH VENICE. By permission of E. & H. T. Anthony & Co.

que or chief of the island, back to Stone Age. The very interesting discoveries of Indian reliques in Trenton by Dr. Abbott and Mr. Volk (of which, King,

When, in 1521, Cortez invaded Mexico he found that the people possessed an abundance of gold. The unit of value, instead of being a coin or a given weight of the metal, was a turkey quill filled with gold dust.

In 1527 Pizarro conquered Peru and is said to have held the Inca or King prisoner, only releasing him on payment of a room full of golden cups and vases.

The discovery of gold in California and the rush of miners there in 1849, are matters of history, and exerted a mighty influence in many ways. In various parts of the western mountains rich gold mines have been discovered and it is said that Alaska holds unimagined stores of the yellow metal.

CLARENCE BOXLEY.

A few fools can do more damage in a minute than many wise men can repair in years.—*Washington Star*.

exactly, but very likely was that from which wheat has been developed. In the museum at Zurich one may see a great quantity and variety of these reliques of this forgotten race, and the professors will estimate with great learning how many thousand years have elapsed since this curious manner of life passed away. Our illustration shows that even at the present day there are people who have the same singular custom of building their homes. Quite possibly they may be the descendants of the Swiss lake dwellers who chose the lake bed for their building site, perhaps because it was secure from the ferocious wild beasts which then abounded, or from the men of the mountains who were ignorant of the use of boats.

The lake village here shown is in Turkey, and neither of the reasons above suggested would apply to their present inhabitants. Possibly they build thus simply because their ancestors have always done so, just as it is said that the pagoda style of architecture of the Chinese people is a reminder of the tents in which their



BY WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

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PART II.

JEDFORD, discomfited in the pursuit, went back to his home, swore awhile, as in duty bound, at his family remaining there, and then settled down to an entirely comfortable state of resignation to his loss, which was not disturbed even when he found that Jerry had not returned to school, nor was heard of in any other quarter.

The great dark hulls and tangled cordage of the shipping rose mysteriously around our poor Jerry, and the dark water gave its ominous chuckle under his feet. He could not return to school to-night, even if he would. The pressing question of the time was how to secure a night's lodging.

While he was lost in thought a young man of dandified pattern came by and threw his valise at his feet for him to carry. The action though not the speech, was plainly intelligible, and Jerry, glad of the opening, shouldered his heavy bag and followed him across one of the ferries, and even a considerable distance up into the town on the other side.

He received a quarter of a dollar piece in payment for his service, and with this coin in his hand found himself at ten o'clock at night in an unknown part of Jersey City; all parts of which, for that matter, were equally unknown to him.

He wandered somewhat aimlessly, and came to the northern suburbs. Just there he met with an ice wagon, going homeward empty after its belated rounds of the day. A high partition so cut off the rear part of it from the driver—drowsing beside on the seat—that he would not be likely to see what was transacting there. Jerry took advantage of this circumstance to creep within it to steal a ride. Lulled by the long-continued, monotonous motion, he at length fell fast asleep.

He was awakened next morning by a number of people, belonging to a farm attached to the ice-cutting establishment, standing over him. They scolded him at first, then manifested much curiosity about his infirmity, and finally gave him a good breakfast and let him go. According to Jerry's own account, his endeavor to communicate with these acquaintances made on his first actual venture into the world was not in all respects thoroughly satisfactory. "That ice-farmer family," said he, "asked me how was my name, where did I go, and what did I do. I gave them a changed name, because I was not secure if they would send me back to my father. But sometimes they look to both sides of the paper, and cannot know its meaning, and I had discouraged."

(In deaf-mute education, as we know,

there are many who learn to express themselves with perfect facility in the ordinary language of men, but there are many more who do not. The vast majority, in fact, never escape from a quaint dialect—thought by some to be constructed upon analogy with the idioms employed in their language of signs. They use the vernacular like the most remote of foreigners. Jerry, with all his brightness—bearing in mind, too, that he had not finished his schooling—belonged to the latter class, and afforded no exception to their peculiarities.

From this first stopping-place he went on, meeting with various adventures and hardship, till he arrived at a region which must have been somewhere about the Wallkill Valley. There he worked a short time at the trade of cabinet-maker, the elements of which he acquired at the Institution, and thence set out again, this time making in the direction of the Hudson, which he finally reached at Newburgh. He was conveyed across it by a fisherman, took to catching rides on railroad trains, with the idea of getting to Canada, lost his bearings, and was at length ignominiously put off a train by a conductor, and found himself at the small station of Staatsburg, very much south of the point where, by this time, he had expected to be.

It was there that I first saw him, sitting disconsolately on the edge of the depot platform. He had fallen in already, it appeared, as I approached, with one of our own peculiar characters, of a good deal of local celebrity. This was Barney Pringle, a strong, adult deaf-mute, of little education, who was employed on the railroad in moving the turn-tables, now here and now further up the track. He had lost both arms in an accident, but neither this nor any other of his disabilities was allowed to dampen for an instant his peculiarly jovial flow of spirits. He was a short, thick-set fellow, with a ruddy visage, the liveliest ways in the world, and could do a great variety of surprising things, such as putting on and taking off his hat with no more than the aid of his stumps and teeth alone.

This pair seemed to have been conferring together, and probably to no good purpose. Jerry arose and extended toward me a written paper, which I took from his hand, and found to be as follows:

"Do you know a gentleman who would be willing to let a deaf boy learn to work how to do farming, without getting any money for several weeks?"

The hint was a modest one, and certainly much more striking than common by its form. Pringle, who stood by, and had evidently acquainted himself with the purport of the

communication, waved his stumps in a cheerful way, as if conveying that the plan suggested was one that amply met with his approval.

I had learned years before, something of the method of spelling on the fingers, and now proceeded to revive it, much to Jerry's delight. It so happened that just at this time a valuable colt on our place had been discovered to be totally deaf. He was Bulbul, son of Bulfinch, by imported Capricorn, first dam Electra, second dam Alecyone, etc., etc., a dark bay beauty with star on his forehead, black points extending up to the knees, and by his birthright he should have been one of the best of his kind, but was likely, instead, through his luckless disability, to be all but wholly worthless.

A singular idea all at once flashed across my mind: might there be a certain affinity evolved between the boy and the colt? Might there not be an occult sympathy arising out of the common affliction which would render Jerry a more useful guardian and educator of Bulbul than anybody else that could be found?

It was a very wild and whimsical conceit, no doubt, yet it was sufficient to determine me to take the boy home with me, adding the consideration that there really was plenty of room for extra hands to do odd jobs about the place. I was at the station that day to meet a coppersmith who was to come up from New York to do some work on a rather elaborate fountain we were having done in connection with an oblong fish-pond on the terrace before the house; but he disappointed me. He did not arrive, in fact, for a week or ten days after this.

I therefore took Jerry up beside me, and we drove away homeward. At a transverse road we crossed the course of another wagon coming toward us, containing a man and several women, and we both in a measure pulled up. All at once Jerry leaped to his feet, leaned out over the dash-board, and

began to signal violently to a young girl in the other wagon, who replied to his manifestations in kind. She was a chubby little thing of fourteen or fifteen, with a comely face, and black hair tied in a twist, and falling down her back. My companion seemed to ask, in an appealing way, that I should stop, and actively leaping down, he ran to shake hands with his friend. Their motions rapid as lightning, were a marvel to see. They were rather like scions of the animated races of Southern Europe than of the phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon stock. It seemed that they were friends or acquaintances at school, and they met like strangers in a strange land, overjoyed at the unexpected encounter, and the recollection it brought up of so many things in common between them.

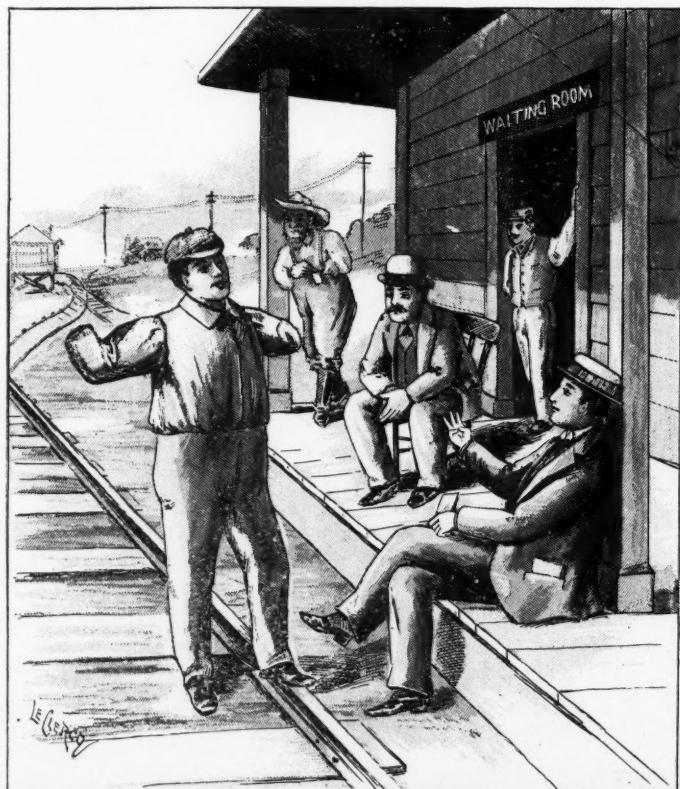
"Clarinda's my brother's daughter," said the man in the other vehicle, very civilly. "He left her to us when he died, and she's the pride of our house. It's a great treat to them dummies," he added, presently, "to see some o' their own sort once in awhile. I'd go half a day's journey out o' my way, any time, to give the girl a treat like this."

He was a locomotive engineer, living at Tivoli, and being briefly off duty, had hired a horse and taken his family out for a drive. I told him how it was I happened to have Jerry with me.

"He's a good boy," said Clarinda, her certificate of character being passed over to me in her own handwriting, on a pad she carried for the purpose. "He can study very well. He can also play well at various many games, as such the base-ball, the oar, the athletic, &c."

"You must let him come and see us," urged Clarinda's family; and the girl herself gave him a parting salute that might have been that of some vivacious Spanish senorita.

(To be continued.)



"It was there that I first saw him, sitting disconsolately on the edge of the depot platform."

Famous Deaf Artists and Sculptors of the World.

NO. 1.—THOMAS DAVIDSON.

THOMAS DAVIDSON was born January 17th, 1842, in London. In blood he is Scotch, his family having originally come from Kelso, Scotland. At the early age of six he seems to have shown marked talent and inclination for drawing, and was accordingly sent as a private pupil to the late Mr. Thos. Watson, of the Old Kent Road Institute, to commence the rudiments of the art under the two Whichelos, senior and junior.

After some years' copying in crayon and water-colors his father sent him to the School of Art and Design, held at Marlborough House (now the Prince of Wales' town residence); from here he went for six months to Mr. Carey's, and hence to Matthew Leigh's, in Newman street. Matthew Leigh was succeeded on his death by Mr. Heatherly, under whom Thomas Davidson continued studying until 1861, when he successfully passed his examination, and was admitted as a student into the Royal Academy, then situated in Trafalgar Square.

Here, working steadily, he passed through all the successive stages into the "life" class, where he obtained two silver medals for a painting and drawing from the life.

Seven years after this—in 1868, the year of the International Exhibition—he shared for a year a studio in Paris with the late Mr. Claud Calthorpe, attending M. Bonnat's atelier, near Boulevard de Clichy.

His first exhibit in the R. A., was in 1863, and in the intervening thirty-one years he has exhibited there about twenty times. He has, besides, exhibited in almost all the provincial

last signal at Trafalgar," and "Trafalgar," (see accompanying picture).

Thomas Davidson is—and has been for twenty years—a member of the Langham Sketching Club, which meets every Friday evening during

career of his favorite historical character, Lord Nelson. A charming engraving of his "Signal" picture has been lately published by Mr. Arthur Lucas, of New Bond Street.

In this portraying of naval scenes Thomas Davidson may be said to have found his *forte*, for he paints out of a large fund of reserve thought and consideration, and spares no amount of pains and research to ensure the correctness of every detail of his intricate works.

Mr. Davidson has a large family. His second son, Douglas, is now an Academy student, and likely to follow successfully in his father's footsteps.

W. D.

PROMISED ARTICLES.

MR. ROBERT H. GRANT, who is head man at the Livingston Manor Mfg Co's shops, at Livingston Manor, N. Y., has promised the WORKER an article on "Wood Turning and Mechanics for the Deaf," at some future time. Mr. Grant is an expert wood turner and has been in the employ of the above named firm for nearly seven years. He bears excellent testimonials from his employer as to character, skill and honesty, which is saying a good deal.

MR. T. G. COOK, Physical Director at the "Fanwood" school in New York city, has promised the readers of the SILENT WORKER an interesting article on "The Growth of Basketball," for our March number. Mr. Cook has played before large crowds at the Masonic Hall in this city several times this winter and his clean upright actions have won the admiration of many of our basket ball lovers. It was through his efforts that the "Fanwoods" won the silver cup in the recent interscholastic games in New York.

The March number will also contain a well written article by J. O'B.



THOMAS DAVIDSON.

exhibitions, and at Glasgow. His winter months, from seven to ten notable pictures may be said to be: o'clock, two hours being appointed

"Drink to me only with thine eyes," for work and the remaining one for

on the line of the Royal Academy, criticism.

According to his list Mr. Davidson note that the lady portrayed therein has, from the year 1863 to present

is now Mrs. Davidson; "Riding to date, painted about 450 pictures, not

the Tournament," "A star in the to speak of innumerable sketches.

At the present time he has taken

to painting incidents in the life and



From a painting by Thomas Davidson.

"TRAFAVGAR."

"He did not for the smallest portion of time lose his presence of mind; and remarking, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not replaced, he ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; and with his handkerchief he covered his features and decorations, desirous now to conceal from his crew, lest they should be disheartened, what he had been unwilling to hide from the enemy."

The Garden

AT this time of the year flower lovers eagerly consult the florists' catalogues in search of novelties.

Through the kindness of the publishers we have before us the announcements for 1897 of almost all the leading firms in this business in the country, and we are glad to notice for our readers' benefit, the most attractive of the new plants and flowers that they offer.

We mention first, of course, the garden queen, the Rose. The most striking novelty here is Henderson's introduction, the Jubilee, a hardy hybrid remontant, blooming freely in June, and, under careful cultivation giving a smaller and less certain bloom in the autumn. The great merits are its rich red color and the texture of its petals. Hitherto the standard red rose has been the Jacqueline.

"whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye."

The Jubilee, as described by Mr. Schuyler Mathews, the highest authority in this country, is of a richer and softer tone, being of "the darkest color combined with pure color, of which nature is capable."

This rose originated in the gardens of Joseph S. Fay, Esq., at Woods Hole, Mass., and it is a notable fact that, although this is at the shoulder of Cape Cod, a region associated in most people's minds with barren desolation, Mr. Fay has for years been one of the most successful prize-takers at the Massachusetts Horticultural Society's exhibition. His plantations of several hundred acres of evergreen trees are among the most successful applications of forestry on the Atlantic seaboard, and he, with a few gentlemen of similar tastes and means, has made, from a stretch of neglected down, one of the most lovely places on the Eastern coast.

A wealthy man who spends his money in such ways not only has a higher satisfaction than one who spends it in dissipation, but confers pleasure and benefit on the community at large.

Dingee & Conard introduce a hardy ever-blooming rose "Coronet," whose special feature is its delicious fragrance. The Empress of China is a new climbing rose, said to be the only ever-blooming climber that is truly hardy in this climate.

Wm. A. Manda, of South Orange, introduces several hybrids of the white Japanese creeping rose "Wichuriana." These are of various colors, semi-double fragrant, and, unlike other roses, will thrive in poor soil. They bloom late, about the middle of July, and are admirable for covering steep banks or for training on a trellis.

Lord Penzance's hybrids, though not strictly new, are said to be fine plants, growing to a height of ten or twelve feet, and of graceful form. For a hedge of roses, one may plant the Japanese "Rugosas," which will thrive in rather poor soil, grow very strong and have wrinkled green leaves which keep fresh all the season, and

bear a bright colored fruit, following the large single flower, which is very ornamental. The hybrids Mme. Brumant and Agnes Carmine have the same merits, besides bearing flowers all through the season.

In lilies, the only novelty is the Henryi, an orange-colored variety of the favorite Speciosum species. It sells for two dollars a bulb, while the white, pink and crimson spotted varieties may be had for from fifteen to thirty cents.

An orange hemerocallis or day-lily, introduced last year in Europe, has now been brought out in this country.

Its blooms are said to be richly colored and much larger than its near relative, the lemon-lily, whose delicious fragrance makes it such a favorite in May. The new variety blooms later, but we do not see any reference to its fragrance.

The new dwarf spiraea Anthony Waterer makes a desirable addition to our flowers for cutting, as it is in bloom all summer.

Of course there are, as every year, new varieties in all standard garden flowers, chrysanthemums, asters, dahlias, iris, sweet peas and carnations. Among the latter, we may mention, if only for its name, Helen Keller, a very pretty parti-colored flower, and Emperor, a hardy, fragrant ever-bloomer. There is also a Helen Keller rose, and certainly every school for the deaf should raise both these flowers. There are scarlet pansies advertised and even the proverb of impossibility—the "Yellow Aster!" Probably some of these flowers may prove disappointing to the amateur who tries them, and we would advise in all cases that the tried and proved varieties make up

The Original of "Pringle" in William Henry Bishop's Story "Jerry and Clarinda."

SOME of our readers may have been familiar with affairs in and about the New York Institution during the early eighties, and they will be sure to recognize, under his pseudonym of "Pringle," the one armed deaf-mute whom Mr. Bishop has introduced with a few slight but artistic touches, in the story of "Jerry and Clarinda."

The real name of this youth was McCormick, and he was possessed of numerous and more remarkable accomplishments than the author has attributed to him. He came to the school a well grown lad of fourteen and grew rapidly into an unusually powerful and fine looking young man, good-natured, reckless, and, unfortunately, with certain bad tendencies already established. The cut by Mr. LeClercq gives a pretty fair portrait of him. With the part of the right arm remaining to him he could, as Mr. Bishop says, perform a good many feats. He could handle a fork very deftly, and could write with a chalk crayon a really good hand. His dexterity in lifting a glass with his teeth and draining it without spilling a drop secured him unlimited free beer in the saloons, which he frequented in vacations and whenever he could escape from the school.

On one occasion when he had become rather uproarious from too much indulgence, a stalwart policeman attempted to arrest him, but was promptly knocked out by a punch from the formidable stump.

Another time, in search of plunder, he brought a ladder for some distance, placed it against a second story window, climbed it, opened the window, entered, forced a lock and secured what he wanted.

One day, while certain building operations were in progress at the school, he untied a horse fastened to a wagon belonging to the contractor, got in and started for a drive around the grounds. For lack of practice it would seem that

the bulk of the order for the florist, but probably some of the novelties will prove valuable and interesting additions.

At any rate it is safe to follow the apostle's advice: "Try all things, hold fast that which is good."

One of the most pleasing shrubs of recent introduction is Hypericum Moserianum, of which we give an illustration through the kindness of Messrs. Pitcher & Manda. It is an improved variety of the old St. John's wort and bears all through the summer flowers of a rich golden yellow, as large as a silver dollar and on stems long enough for cutting. It grows about two feet high and makes a compact and graceful bush.

Thanks are due to Messrs. Peter Henderson & Co., the Reading Nurseries, Pitcher & Manda, John Lewis Childs, Wm. A. Manda, W. Atlee Burpee, Vaughan's Seed Store, Henry A. Dreer, A. Blane & Co., and John Saul, for information.

AN AMATEUR.

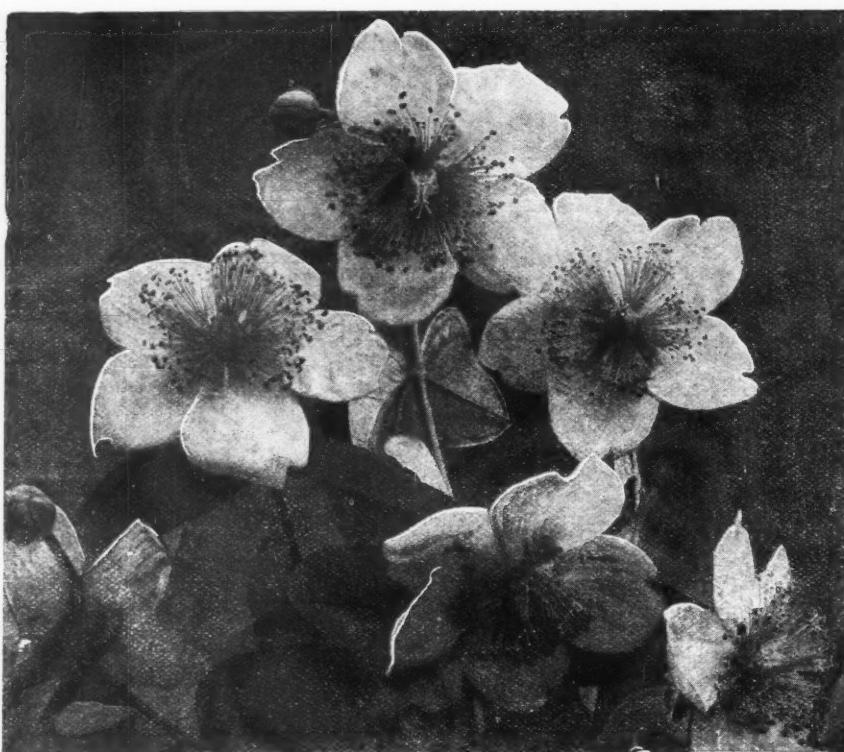
Trouble is like fog, it looks thickest when seen from a distance.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

he had not acquired the necessary skill, for the drive came to an end by the upsetting of the whole outfit in the dry basin of the old fish-pond, a fall of several feet sheer down among broken masonry. The wagon was wrecked, but neither the horse nor the would-be driver was injured.

He could fish a coin out of his pocket, or out of some one else's pocket, with surprising adroitness. In talking in the sign-language the loss of the greater half of his arms did not seem to be, as one might think it would be, much of a hindrance. He was unusually quick to understand, and what he could not express by his imperfect gestures he helped out by his remarkably mobile countenance.

He has been dead for a good many years and has no relatives left who might be pained by this account of his moral failings, which, after all, were chargeable more to his early surroundings than to himself.

Bicycle riding cures biliousness, and when all the bilious people have been cured we can then pick out the really pious.—L. A. W. Bulletin.



HYPERICUM MOSERIANUM.



The bicycle waistcoat is an invention of Mr. James Smyth, a merchant tailor of Trenton, and is an excellent garment for the road in cold weather. It is made of any heavy, warm material and is cut high, like a clerical waistcoat. It is lined with flannel, or other warm material, in the back which comes down low enough to protect the loins.

The buttons are on the left side instead of the front, so that the cold air cannot get in. It is quite as warm as a sweater and being rather dressy in appearance, is much better adapted for the use of men who ride a wheel about their business in winter and who wish to appear well dressed when riding.

It has been found that one can apply much more power in riding a bicycle, if he will wear a belt, fastened at the front by a strap to a point in the frame midway between the seat and the handle-bars. The strap should be just long enough not to sag when the rider is sitting at ease.

When pedalling vigorously the strap will tighten and muscles of the back will be brought into play, enabling the rider to drive his wheel with much more force. A specially designed arrangement, called the Hercules belt, has been devised for this purpose.

Cycling is a frequent cause of catching cold, though there is no reason whatever why it should be. In fact, in nine cases out of ten it is the rider's fault, owing to his wearing unsuitable clothing, or to standing about in draughts when heated, or to some other preventable cause. Properly and rationally indulged, in cycling has the effect of rendering one less likely to contract chills.

Unless you are an expert or have an unusual mechanical aptitude don't meddle with the nuts, bolts, or bearings on your wheel. The men who put them where they are know more about such matters than you are likely to be aware of on a short acquaintance.

President L. S. Woodbury of the Great Falls Iron Works, Montana, says a western contemporary, has in contemplation the construction of what he chooses to term a horse-cycle, whereby a horse can propel a four-wheeled vehicle on ordinary ground at the rate of one mile in fifty nine seconds. The proposed machine can be made in two forms, either one of which Mr. Woodbury thinks will fill the bill.

The first is in the form of an ordinary buggy. Instead of being hitched ahead, the horse will occupy a position between the four wheels, and operate a sort of tread-mill. Should the velocity be so great as to attract too much air, then it is proposed to inclose the entire machine—horse, rider and all—in a whaleback or torpedo-cut shell, the propelling operation to remain the same. The seat of

the rider will be directly behind or above the horse. President Woodbury is so confident of success that he is willing to back his bonds against silver that a mile can be made in fifty nine seconds or better.—*Scientific American.*

We desire to call the attention of all cycle lovers to the fact that the May issue of the *SILENT WORKER* will be a Bicycle Number. Our friends are invited to contribute to this number articles bearing on the wheel. Poetry, bicycle tours, illustrations, photographs, etc., etc., will be welcome. Our illustrator, Mr. Chas. J. LeClerc, who is well-known to our readers, will furnish the illustrations and engravings, provided suitable subjects and photographs are given. All contributions and advertisements should be sent in by the middle of April to insure insertion. Our success last year in this direction leads us to believe that this year will eclipse our last. Address "The SILENT WORKER," Trenton, N. J.

The great bicycle shows of the season have been held, and from the large attendance it is evident that the public interest in the wheel has not yet begun to flag. The improvements in the '97 wheels seem to be few. The most important is in the dust-proof hubs, which do really keep out the dust. The bearings are made with larger balls and there is a tendency to rather higher gears. Wooden handle-bars are preferred to those of steel. But few persons who have a good '96 wheel will dispose of it to get the latest agony in cycles.

J. P.

THE DEAF AS SOLDIERS.

"The Battle of Clincart Hill."

In the May of 1588 a small but valiant army of Scottish men stood on the ground now occupied by the Glasgow Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the playfield adjoining thereto. This was the army which had gathered round the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, after her escape from Loch Leven Castle; and its object was to place the Queen in safety in the historic castle on the famous rock of Dumbarton. To do this, however, it was necessary to force their way through a strong body of men whom the Regent Murray had placed on the brow of the hill facing the Institution, now crowned by the Victoria Infirmary and the flagstaff of Queen's Park. The result of the battle which ensued is well known. Not so that which we have to record, though it stands a fair chance of being so, thanks to the enterprise of the *British Deaf-Mute* and its energetic staff of special artists and correspondents.

"The shades of night were falling fast" when our valiant soldiers, whose portrait accompany this sketch, took up their position on the top of the hill called Clincart, on the very ground where Mary's generals must have stood "lang syne" to direct the movements of her troops in the battle.

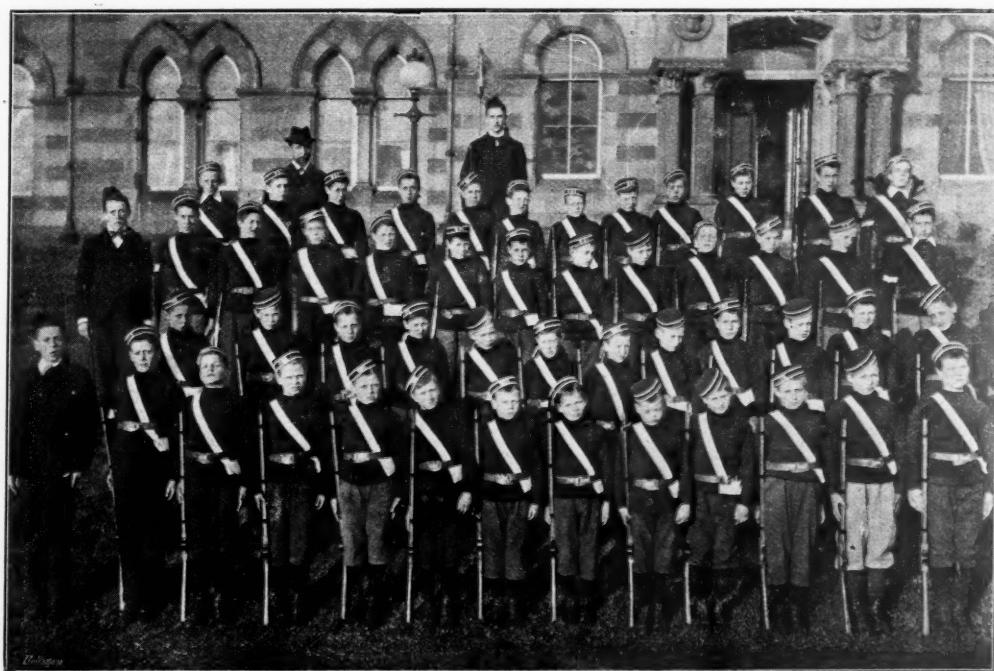
The "enemy" took up ground in the valley between the two hills, and the battle forthwith began. A strong detachment was first sent out on the left to try and turn our right flank, while a small party executed a similar movement on our left. While the attention of the defenders was being thus distracted, the main force of the enemy began to move up the hill in open order, advancing and firing by sections, and then rushing forward under cover of the smoke made by each section.

The defenders, meanwhile had not been idle. Scouts were thrown out on all sides, and every movement of the enemy was carefully watched. His left flank was the first to come into action, but being met by overwhelming numbers, had to retire, which was

done orderly and without confusion. Their right wing had, by this time, worked round our left, and coming up the hill behind some of our outposts made them prisoners; but before they could do further damage a gallant charge by our No. 2 Company (who, like the camp-followers at Bannockburn, had kept out of sight in the rear) effectually cleared the field.

The main body of the enemy, profiting by the noise and confusion occasioned by these attacks, had stealthily but steadily crept up to the brow of the hill, when, with a terrific "slogan," they fired a final volley, and charged our trenches at the point of the bayonet. They were, however, met with the calm determination with which deaf and dumb Britons know how to face death in their country's cause, and the tide of invasion was stayed. As the flanks had also failed to surprise us it was considered that we had, at least, held our own. We lost a good many men, however, or would have done had the leaden hail been real as the enthusiasm displayed on both sides. A number of our troops, for instance, recklessly ran across the direct line of fire, utterly unconscious that in real warfare they would have been mown down to a man; some of the scouts appeared to think it was their duty to fight the enemy single-handed rather than retire to give warning of his approach; while our gallant captain, in giving his orders standing in front of his men, would assuredly have been shot by them; but these were slight blemishes which a little more experience in warfare will correct.

Our friends the enemy were so pleased with our performances that they invited us to join them in some operations on a much larger scale which it is contemplated carrying out during the autumn. Meanwhile, biographies of Wellington and Napoleon are in great demand, military tactics are being carefully studied, and it is quite on the cards that Scotland may yet find within the walls of our Institution another Wallace or Bruce to fight for the old flag, should the Rooshans or Prooshans ever effect a landing on our shores.—*British Deaf-Mute.*



"THE HEROES OF CLINCART HILL."
(Glasgow Deaf and Dumb Institution Boys' Brigade.)



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AT THE

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FEBRUARY, 1897.

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.

THIS month brings the anniversaries of birth of our two most illustrious Presidents, Washington and Lincoln, both which are legal holidays in this state. The occasion invites some comment on these great men.

In birth and social position they were very differently circumstanced. Washington was an F. F. V., descended from a "county family" in England, that class of small landed proprietors who, far more than the higher nobility, have shown the virtues of an aristocracy. Lincoln's parents were not only extremely poor, but ignorant and shiftless.

Neither had much in the way of school education. Washington got the "three R's," and not much more, at a boarding school, and taught himself to survey land. His spelling was always a little peculiar, though in his time that was not regarded as a serious failing, and in early life his grammar was faulty and his expressions were sometimes obscure. By care and practice he improved in these respects, although he never excelled in his use of English. It is pretty certain that in his state papers the robust common sense and the pure patriotism are all that can be credited to him; the form was determined by his secretary or by a member of his cabinet. His real education consisted mainly in the association which he enjoyed with the ablest men living or visiting in the colony, and in the habit of responsibility and command which he began to exercise while yet a youth.

Lincoln, as we all know, had no teaching at all, except for a few

weeks at a common—a very common—school, and got his book knowledge under the greatest difficulties. Yet, what he most wished to learn, that he taught himself perfectly. Especially he learned to think truly and clearly, and to make others see what he thought just as he saw it. Fortunately, he had an admirable library for his purpose. It consisted of Shakespeare and the King James Bible. He became a great master of English, and his speeches are unsurpassed models of vigorous, elevated thought, perfectly expressed in our plain every day speech, while his Gettysburg address stands alone among occasional orations, as the Lord's Prayer surpasses all other expressions of devotion.

Physically, both Washington and Lincoln were men of unusual height and of remarkable muscular strength. Every account we have of Washington presence speaks of the appearance of great strength, and Lincoln who, like Henry Eighth, "loved a man," always liked to measure his strength against a rival in muscular feats, in some of which, it is recorded, he never found his match. Washington was the perfection of dignified grace, while Lincoln, though gaunt and awkward, showed so much power of body and mind as to command respect.

The private life of Washington presents much to admire, little that can be blamed and nothing that indicates a defect in the great fundamentals of character. To be sure, he is very far from the demi-god which tradition would have made of him. The W. C. T. U. would disapprove, not only of the wine on his dinner table but much more of the liberal disbursements which his account books show, for "old Madeira," "arrack," rum, punch and whiskey at the tavern clubs which he frequented in his youth.

We might perhaps think his attention to dress a little excessive, as when he sends so anxiously to England for articles for his wardrobe, "the finest that can be had for love or money," and his occasional outbursts of a naturally fiery but generally well controlled temper were a distinctly human weakness. But for any graver faults we believe the search will be in vain. The attempt was made, and has been kept alive by the small natures who delight to believe ill of a great man, to prove that he was an unfaithful husband. It is gratifying to know that no scholar who has investigated this story now believes it.

But if this scandal has fallen flat, on the other hand the edifying attempt to make him a saint must be confessed a failure.

He was a communicant in the Church of England, in which he had been brought up, and when before the public eye, attended church re-

gularly as an example to others. His public papers contain the most respectful references to religion. Yet some who knew him well believed him to be a sceptic, and it is true that when at his home, in good health, he troubled himself to go to church only sixteen times in the whole of one year. Unlike most famous men, there was no petty side to his character. When we think of Napoleon, Frederick, Voltaire, Pitt, Milton, we associate with each some little traits of vanity, egotism, jealousy, stinginess, spite. But Washington was never anything less than a large minded man and a gentleman. For the rest, he was kind, generous, honest and honorable through and through, considerate and unselfish.

As to his great abilities in military command and in affairs of state, the admiration of Frederick the Great may vouch for the first, and even the unskilled reader will be convinced of the other if he will read carefully the records of American affairs for the fifteen years following our Revolution.

Lincoln's career was that of a lawyer, politician and statesman.

The Romans had a proverb, "The more law, the less justice." A great English judge once said: "Good law is always good common sense." As Lincoln became a prominent lawyer, we must think that in Illinois, in his time, the latter saying was the more nearly true. As a politician, no one, not even his famous antagonist Douglas, approached him in sagacity. Probably one reason for this was that, unlike most shrewd politicians, he had a conscience himself, and he believed in the conscience of the people. His renown as a statesman is secure.

"Standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame."

Like Washington, he held power with an eye solely to the public good. True, unlike Washington, he did appoint to office some rascals whom, with his shrewd insight into human nature, he could not have taken for honest men. But in every instance he did so for the sake of the help which he believed they could bring to the cause of the Union.

His temperament was the opposite of Washington's, with a strong tendency to melancholy, relieved by a keen sense of humor, and with outbursts of boisterous merriment. He seems to have had strong religious feelings, but, so far as appears, no particular religious belief. Careless as to dress, indifferent or ignorant of the elegances and of some of the lesser proprieties of life, he had the tenderest feelings, the most absolute devotion to truth and duty, the widest thoughts of any man of his time.

We do well to strip off the disguise under which historians try to pass off these great men as gods in human shape. But, seeing them as men of

like passions with ourselves, we shall, if we have the souls of men and not of lackeys, honor them yet more highly and feel that in them we have worthy patterns for our humble imitation.

CONSANGUINEOUS MARRIAGES.

DR. E. A. FAY has been continuing in the *Annals* the series of papers giving the results of his enquiry in regard to the marriages of the deaf in America. Some of these results have been commented on in former numbers of the *SILENT WORKER*. In the November and January numbers of the *Annals* he takes up the subject of consanguineous marriages, and in the February number he enquires as to the comparative happiness of marriages in which both parties are deaf, and those in which one is a hearing person.

As might be expected, he finds that a deaf person marrying a relative, whether or not that relative is deaf, is very likely to have deaf offspring. Especially is this the case if there is deafness in the family. If, for instance, one of the partners be a hearing person, but have deaf brothers or sisters, the probability of deaf children resulting from the marriage is very strong, much stronger than when both partners are deaf but not related to each other and not having deaf relatives. Another significant fact is that a large proportion of the marriages between a deaf and a hearing person were marriages of relatives. This fact explains, perhaps, why the singular result was found that the average marriage of a deaf with a hearing person has a greater probability of deaf offspring than a marriage between two deaf persons.

The next branch of the enquiry seems less promising of results, for it is hardly practicable to reduce domestic bliss to a matter of percentages. However, Dr. Fay reasons that, if out of, say, a hundred marriages, a certain number prove so unhappy that the parties are willing to endure the publicity of proceedings for divorce or separation, this number bears some sort of fixed relation to that of the marriages which are uncongenial but not unendurable.

He finds that both as to separations and as to divorces, the marriages between deaf and hearing persons furnish nearly twice the percentage of unhappiness shown in marriages in which both partners are deaf. This is not strange in view of the many respects in which the tastes and the possibilities of the deaf differ from those of the hearing. Among illiterate persons the marriage of a deaf to a hearing partner is, according to our observation, almost always unhappy.

We have observed, however, that deaf persons, and especially deaf women, of superior minds often contract marriages, which prove singularly happy, with hearing partners of

cultivation, especially with those of literary tastes. With the most of such deaf persons, reading takes largely the place which is filled in the life of hearing people by small talk and idle gossip, their partial isolation is favorable to reflection, and their minds become the home of noble thoughts expressed in the choice dictation of the greatest writers. Perhaps a spiritual partnership in which the woman contributes the results of a fine literary taste and of quiet thinking, and the man brings in the talk of the outside world sifted from its malicious and foolish elements, is as near an ideal union as any we can conceive.

Dr. Fay promises further instalments of his interesting and valuable studies on the subject.

DR. PHILIP G. GILLETT, in his recent address on "Some Notable Benefactors of the Deaf in America," gives the following sketch of a man whose efforts for the good of this class deserve recognition, but who is hardly known even by name to most of those who are interested in the education of the deaf.

The earliest advocate of the education of the deaf in America was Francis Green, a native of Boston, Mass., born in 1742. He was a man of liberal education, a graduate of Boston Latin School and Harvard College. While a young man he became an officer in the British Army, and when the Revolutionary war came on was among the Loyalists, and served with distinction. At the conclusion of peace he took up his residence at Halifax, Nova Scotia, but later returned to his native land and died in Medford, Massachusetts, in 1809. A volume entitled *Vox Oculis Subjecta*, which appeared in 1783, was from his pen in advocacy of the education of the deaf and dumb. After his return to the United States he published in the *New England Palladium*, and other periodicals, several articles on the subject that was dear to his heart. His interest in the deaf and dumb may be readily accounted for, as he had a son, Charles Green, a deaf mute, whom he took at the age of eight years to Scotland to be educated, placing him in the school of Thomas Braidwood, in Edinburgh. This lad seems to have been a proficient and apt pupil, and to have met with good success in vocal utterance and lip-reading. A tablet to be placed on the walls of the Horace Mann School, in Boston, appropriately commemorates the efforts of Francis Green in behalf of the deaf and dumb in the following language :

In Memory of
FRANCIS GREEN.
The Earliest American Advocate in
Behalf of the Education of the
Deaf.
Born in Boston, 21, August, 1742;
Died in Medford, 21, April, 1809.

A Graduate of Boston Latin School,
1756, and of Harvard College, 1760;
and Officer in the British Army,
Where he Served with Distinction;
and the Author of "*Vox Oculis
Subjecta*" (London, 1783), an early
work on the Instruction of the
Deaf, and a Writer for the News-
papers on that Subject.

Francis Green evidently contemplated practical measures for the deaf of America, for he took steps to obtain the names, sex, age, and residence of every deaf and dumb person in Massachusetts. The motive, he states, for collecting such statistics is the

A Resolution of Thanks from Calcutta.

{ CALCUTTA DEAF AND DUMB SCHOOL,
4 COLLEGE SQUARE,
CALCUTTA, January 6, 1897.

DEAR SIR :—I have great pleasure in sending you the copy of a resolution passed at a crowded meeting held at Calcutta, on the 22d of December, 1896, to give a public reception to Mr. Jamini Nath Banerji on his return from the West.

Yours truly,

NUDURF, Secretary.

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be conveyed to those ladies and gentlemen in the British Isles and the United States of America who have rendered pecuniary and other kinds of help to Mr. Jamini Nath Banerji during his sojourn in the West.

Proposed by the Honorable Justice Goroo Das Banerji, M.A., D.L. Seconded by the Rev. K. S. MacDonald, M.A., D.D., and carried by acclamation.

probability of promoting the cause of humanity and alleviating its miseries. His interest in the deaf was earnest and continued till the last years of his life, a period of more than twenty-five years. He deserves to be recognized as a philanthropist. In recognition of his efforts in his direction, as well as of his scholarship, Harvard College conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts. Though Francis Green did not live to see the fruition of his wishes, the seed he had sown through the press, in magazines, and newspapers was not sown in vain.

OUR readers will, we are sure, be both interested and touched by the autobiography of Miss Thornton, which we publish in this number. While her education did not encounter the difficulties which were presented in the cases of Laura Bridgeman, Helen Keller and others in whom the deafness and blindness were congenital or dated from early childhood, yet the case is of especial interest by reason of the many trials of every sort which this young lady has met, and of the cheerful courage with which she has borne them.

We have read some very learned writings which were meant to prove the truth of the Christian religion, which left us a little in doubt what it was good for after you had proved it. But we think that even Col. Ingersoll could hardly fail to feel, after reading this touching story, that at least one woman's spirit has been made strong and sweet and a help to her brothers and sisters through her religious experience.

The following lines of Archdeacon Trench seem to us to read almost as if they had been written to describe this very case :

"Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view;
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night."

THE "Telephone" column in the *Mt. Airy World* is full of bright things, although it sometimes "calls up the wrong number."

We like a good joke, even when it is on us, and we think the following skit at the expense of our "School-room" editor will be enjoyed by our

readers, while it will not lessen the value of Mr. Lloyd's really helpful and suggestive papers:

I am much interested in Prof. Lloyd's school-room work, and while he does not expect this sort of a reply, I wonder what he would say to the following in reply to his series of questions, which I give also :

1. What is a pen for?
2. What is your favorite game?
3. What is money made of?
4. How is meat sold?
5. How is milk sold?
6. What is a postal card for?
7. How far is it to the station?
8. What are your teeth for?

1. That depends upon the pen. Some are good to write with. Others of the strobilographic variety are good to throw one's money away on. Still others, when properly constructed make good habitations for swine and other animals. Awfully easy to answer.

2. I don't know that I have many sympathizers, but my favorite game is jollying the newspapers with theatre stories.

3. If the professor will send me some samples, I'll attend to the analysis.

4. Meat is sold with a considerable adjunct of fat and bone which you have to pay for at the same rate as the meat. It is sold by a man who bounces you into taking three and three quarters pounds when your wife distinctly told you not to buy over two pounds.

5. Milk is sold generally from a wagon, by a man who gets up about the time some of us are ready to retire, thaws out his pump so as to have it equal the amount of the bovine's supply. Sometimes he forgets you and you trot around two miles of the neighborhood to get a supply of the lacteal for your breakfast and find that milk is not sold at all.

6. A postal card is an invention of the Government that permits a great many deaf-mutes to tell a lot of things they should not to a lot of people they don't know.

7. That depends. If you have an hour's time, the station is just around the corner, but if your train goes in about eight minutes, the depot is at least two miles from where you are.

8. Some people use their teeth for nut crackers, others manicure their nails with them, sharpen pencils, cut strings, open envelopes, etc., etc. Popularly speaking, teeth are to masticate food with.

Prof. Lloyd's questions are "pie," don't you think? A. I. P.

AS STATED in our last number, no vacation was given this year at the Christmas season. School continued with no change from the regular routine all through the week, except on Christmas Day and New Years. However, the management of this school are well aware that "all work and no play" is a poor program for

home or school. Accordingly, the last week in January was set apart as "Recreation Week," and was devoted to giving the pupils "a good time." They spent two hours in the morning at work, but the afternoons were spent two hours in various forms of entertainment, in which the teachers, in turn, assisted. In the evenings there were stereopticon lectures, dances and stories. Almost everybody employed in the institution got a little time off, and all enjoyed it. The pupils deserve credit for their excellent behaviour during this time when the usual routine of school life was somewhat interrupted.

THE *Michigan Mirror*, in its issue of the 11th instant, has a very kind mention of the *SILENT WORKER*. We value it the more as the *Mirror* is a paper that not only knows what it talks about, but says what it means.

MR. CLARENCE A. BOXLEY, of Troy, a graduate of the Central New York Institution for the Deaf, has sent us a very interesting paper on Gold, from which we have made some extracts which appear on another page. We are sorry that we can not find room for the whole of the article, which we think shows a very considerable extent of reading and thought. We shall hope to hear from Mr. Boxley again.

WITHIN the past month the cause of deaf-mute instruction has suffered a great loss in the death of Rev. Thomas Arnold, the veteran teacher and author. We shall not attempt a review of his life work, as we gave a very full account in our issue of Sep., 1896, by a very competent hand. Mr. Arnold was not only a successful teacher, but a philosophic thinker and a deep student of educational subjects. He was also a man of a lovable nature and with a warm personal as well as professional and scientific interest in the deaf. His loss will be deeply felt by a very wide circle of friends.

WE HAVE received from Mr. John Walsh, the father of one of our pupils, a very neat and attractive little book, describing and illustrating the city of Passaic, and setting forth its advantages as a place of residence for New York business men. Passaic is a progressive place of 17,000 inhabitants, within easy distance from New York, and, seemingly, has every thing to make it a desirable place to live in. We are also indebted to Mr. Walsh for a number of books presented to our school library. This is a department of the school in which we are especially interested, and Mr. Walsh's thoughtfulness in this direction shows an intelligent interest in the best welfare of the pupils.

THE SILENT WORKER.

School - Room.

Conducted by R. B. Lloyd, A.B.

Occupations.

OCCUPATIONS.	WORKERS.	PLACES OF BUSINESS.
farming	farmer	farm
dressmaking	dressmaker	shop
printing	printer	printing-office
shoemaking	shoemaker	shoe-shop
painting	painter	paint-shop
teaching	teacher	school
doctoring	doctor	office
dentistry	dentist	office
carpentering	carpenter	shop
drawing	artist	studio
m'facturing	manufacturer	factory
governing	governor	office
baking	baker	bakery
writing	writer	office
judging	judge	court

Geography.

DESCRIPTION OF A COUNTRY.

1. Position.
2. Boundaries.
3. Size.
4. Population.
5. Surface.
6. Coast.
7. Occupations.
8. Mines.
9. Education.
10. Chief cities.
11. History.

New Jersey is mostly between the 39th and 42nd parallels of north latitude, and the 74th and 75th meridians of longitude west from Greenwich.

It is bounded on the north by New York; on the east and south by the Atlantic Ocean, and on the west by the Delaware River. Its length from north to south is about 167 miles and its population about 1,400,000. It is mountainous in the north but the rest of the state is quite level.

The coast of New Jersey is low and sandy, except in the northern part. It has very few harbors, Raritan Bay and Newark Bay being the most important. There are many fine farms in New Jersey and great quantities of fine fruit and vegetables are raised for the markets of New York and Philadelphia. The manufactures are numerous and important. Among them are flour, hats and caps, and leather goods, and more silk goods and pottery are made than in any other state.

New Jersey has mines of iron and zinc and there are blast furnaces in many places. Near Trenton and Amboy, there are beds of potter's clay.

It has numerous schools. At Trenton, there is a Normal school and a school for the deaf. At Princeton is Princeton College, one of the oldest colleges in the country, and at New Brunswick is Rutgers College. The capital of the State is Trenton. Newark is the largest city. It has 200,000 people. It has a great many manufactures. Jersey City is the second city. It is opposite New York and is the starting point for several ocean steamship lines. It has also many manufactories.

Paterson is noted for the manufacture of silk goods, of which it makes more than any other city in the United States.

The first settlement in New Jersey was made by the Dutch at Bergen. Many events of the Revolutionary war occurred in New Jersey. Among them were the battles of Trenton, Princeton and Monmouth. The present governor of New Jersey is John W. Griggs. He is a Republican and the first Republican governor the State has had in thirty years.

GERMANY.

1. In what country do the Germans live?
2. Between what parallels and meridians is it?
3. What are its boundaries?
4. How does it compare in size with our country?
5. What is the climate?
6. What do the farmers raise?
7. What do the people make?
8. What is the population?
9. What language do the Germans speak?
10. Have they schools and colleges and schools for the deaf and for the blind?
11. What is the religion of the people?
12. What is the capital and where is it?
13. What are the chief sea-ports?
14. Why do so many Germans come to the United States?

(Answers.)

1. They live in Germany.
2. It is mostly between the 48th parallels and the 6th and 20th meridians of longitude east from Greenwich.
3. It is bounded on the north by the Baltic sea; on the east by Austria and Russia; on the south by Austria and Switzerland, and on the west by Belgium, France and the Netherlands.
4. It is a little larger than Oregon and Nevada together.
5. It is like New York and New Jersey.
6. They raise rye, wheat, oats and potatoes.
7. They make woolen, linen, leather goods, wine, beer, paper, glassware, etc.
8. It is about 4,000,000.
9. They speak the German language.
10. Yes, Sir.
11. They are Christians.
12. Berlin is the capital. It is in the north-central part of Germany, on the Spree River.
13. Bremen and Hamburg are the chief seaports.
14. Because they think they can do better here.

MISS VAIL'S CLASSES.

I.

KING ALFRED.

1. What people were ravaging England when Alfred came to the throne?
2. The Danes.
3. How long after Alfred was king did the Danes continue to give trouble?

About seven years.

3. What was the Anglo-Saxon 'Chronicle'?

It was the first history of the Teutonic people in their own language.

4. Name some of Alfred's good deeds.

(1.) He founded monasteries and schools, and rebuilt the old ones which the Danes had destroyed.

(2.) He collected and revised the old English Laws.

(3.) He translated from Latin into English religious books, histories, and a geography.

- (4.) He founded the English navy.

5. What was the battle of Ethandune (Eddington)?

The Battle of Ethandune (Eddington) was a battle fought during the reign of Alfred, between the English and the Danes.

6. Why was not one of Ethelred's sons made king instead of Alfred?

Because they were too young.

7. Give the legend about King Alfred disguising himself as a harper.

The Danes kept coming in such large numbers that Alfred was at last obliged to flee. Disguising himself as a harper, he entered the Danish camp. While amusing the chiefs with song and story he observed the camp. He then returned to his followers and as soon as he could collect a large army, he met the Danes at Ethandune and defeated them.

8. On what condition were the Danes allowed to live in England?

If they became Christians, they were allowed to live in England.

II.

WILLIAM, THE CONQUEROR.

1. When was the Norman Conquest?

In 1066.

2. Why did William lay claim to the English throne, and what threats did he make?

Because his cousin, Edward the Confessor, had promised William the throne; and he threatened to make war upon the English if Harold would not give up his claims to the throne.

3. When and what was the Battle of Stamford Bridge?

In 1066 a battle was fought at Stamford Bridge between Harold, and his traitor brother Tostig and the king of Norway.

4. What was the Battle of Hastings?

The Battle of Hastings was a battle fought at Senlac, near Hastings, between Harold and the Normans under William the Conqueror.

5. What effect did Harold's death have upon the English?

When the English saw their leader was killed, they broke ranks and fled.

6. Tell two cruel things William did.

(1.) As the people in the northern part often rebelled against William he laid waste their country between the Humber and Tyne Rivers.

(2.) He destroyed the homes of the people by fire in order to make the New Forest.

7. What was the Doomsday Book?

The Doomsday Book was a record of names and diagrams of people's property, and the people were taxed as we are today.

8. What troubles did William have towards the last of his reign?

(1.) His oldest son Robert revolted against him and tried to take possession of Normandy.

(2.) William made war upon the French.

9. How did William meet his death?

While William was riding through Nantes, his horse stepped on a burning brand and threw him which killed him.

(Given Orally.)

1. Allie had a cent and bought a slate-pencil with it; how much money had she left?

2. I have a book in each hand; how many books have I?

3. How many shoes is a pair of shoes?

4. How many pairs of shoes can you see in this room?

5. Henry had a pair of mittens, and he lost one; how many had he left?

6. Eddie had a pair of rabbits, and one ran away; how many had he left?

7. How many postal-cards can you buy for two cents?

**Extracts From the Daily Bulletin,
A Little Paper Printed for The
Pupils of the New Jersey
School.**

Monday, Jan. 25, 1897.

Mr. Jenkins went to Philadelphia on Saturday. He visited the school for the deaf at Mt. Airy. He also attended to some business in the city.

Saturday evening the Fanwood team from the New York Institution came to Trenton to play a game of basket-ball with the Trenton club. Some of the girls and boys went to see it. Mr. Jenkins took the girls over. The Trenton team beat by the score of 30 to 11. The Fanwood boys came over to the school after the game and spent the night. They went away the next morning. They are a fine set of young men.

Tuesday, Jan. 26.

There is a meeting of the Committee on Grounds and Buildings at the State House this morning.

Yesterday one of the water pipes at the industrial building froze, and Mr. McLaughlin could not thaw it out. He will have to leave it until the weather moderates.

Yesterday afternoon Miss Trask came here, but she did not give the girls a drill. She showed them how to play basket-ball, and let them do whatever they wanted in the gymnasium.

Last evening Mr. Toft came over to the school, to show the boys how to play basket-ball. They went down in the gymnasium and played. He said that the boys did very well for beginners.

Wednesday, Jan. 27.

Mr. Jenkins got a letter from Richard Erdman to-day. He has the promise of work in a watch factory. Mr. Jenkins wrote a letter of recommendation for him.

Thursday, Jan. 28.

Mr. Jenkins is going to Philadelphia to-day. While there he will get some stereopticon views for the pupils to see this evening.

We had quite a number of visitors yesterday. Three gentlemen from Newark came here in the afternoon. They are attending the meeting of the Masonic Grand Lodge in Trenton. They subscribed for the SILENT WORKER.

Yesterday two gentlemen from Paterson visited the school. One of them is a member of the Legislature. They are acquainted with Flossie Menow, so she showed them around the school. They were very much pleased.

Friday, Jan. 29.

The boys in the wood-working shop have done very well in mending a large number of chairs.

Frank Natt has got seven new subscribers for the SILENT WORKER among his friends in Trenton.

It is lucky we have basket-ball now, for the pupils can not play out of doors, as it is so cold and windy and the ground is covered with snow.

Last evening Charles Cascella showed some stereopticon pictures to the pupils in the chapel. Mr. Jenkins went to Philadelphia in the forenoon to get them. The entertainment was very much enjoyed.

Saturday, Jan. 30.

Last evening Charles Cascella gave some views with the magic lantern. Mr. Jenkins explained them to the pupils. Unfortunately the oil in the lantern ran low, so the last part of the show had to be hurried.

After the stereopticon lecture some of the large boys went to the gymnasium, and played basket-ball until bed-time. Mr. Toft was with them and taught them about the game. They are very fond of it and are improving very fast.

Monday, Feb. 1.

The pupils had a reunion in the gymnasium last Saturday evening. They enjoyed it very much.

To-day Mr. Jenkins is going to make changes in the classes. He will make a new class out of the new pupils.

Yesterday afternoon the Catholic pupils went for the first time for Sunday instruction to Father Aloysius.

Miss March was in Providence, R. I., on Saturday. She reports that the snow there is about two feet deep. Of course the sleighing is fine.

Mrs. Porter visited the New York school the other day, and Mrs. Currier gave her some beautiful flowers. They were raised in the greenhouse at the school. Among them were some lovely carnations of the variety named "Helen Keller." They are very beautiful and fragrant. Mrs. Porter gave some to Mrs. Jenkins.

Wednesday, Feb. 3.

Lizzie Weeks's mother brought her back to school yesterday. Mrs. Weeks has been sick and that is why she has not brought her back before.

Yesterday Mr. Jenkins got a letter from Carrie Aschenbrenner. She is living at home and keeping house for her father. She sent fifty cents for her subscription to the SILENT WORKER.

Last night it snowed very hard, and there was a high wind. Mr. Jenkins did not come over after supper. The girls were much disappointed that it stormed, because they wanted to go to the gymnasium to play basket-ball.

Thursday, Feb. 4.

The boys are very glad to have the new sleds. So are the girls. Two sleds are for the boys and two for the girls.

Donald Jenkins is very fond of wood-working. He studies it at the Model School. But they don't have as fine a lathe as we have.

The carpenter has finished one of the new closets for the girls' trunk room. It is much better than the ones in the other rooms. Mr. Hearnen drew the plans for it.

Dr. Ard was here again yesterday afternoon and examined some pupils' eyes. He had some spectacles for some of the pupils. They were surprised that the glasses are so cheap. Dr. Ard arranged to buy them at half price.

Some of the teachers are very glad to get some new books for the pupils to read. They are about Washington, Lincoln and Franklin and other great men. The books are small and are written in easy language, so that young pupils can understand them.

Friday, Feb. 5.

Mrs. Jenkins called at the school yesterday afternoon. Mr. Jenkins did not come over after supper, because he had to attend a meeting of the vestry of his church.

Saturday, Feb. 6.

Josie Burke wrote a long list of words on her slate yesterday and showed them to Mr. Jenkins. When he spoke the words she pointed to the right word on the slate. She is a nice girl.

Yesterday noon Mr. Jenkins came down to the girls' play room to inspect their drill. He was very much pleased and told them that they stood and marched as well as soldiers. They have overcome the habit of walking with a shuffling tread.

Yesterday Julius Kieger got a letter from home. The letter said that his uncle in Antwerp is anxious to get a letter from him, and it enclosed a five-cent stamp for him to put on his letter to his uncle. Julius was in Antwerp about six years ago and he remembers it very well. Antwerp is a famous city, and it carries on a large commerce. Julius's uncle is a professor of music. He enclosed his card, so that Julius will know how to direct his letter. The address is printed on it in French.

Monday, Feb. 8.

The annual report of the school is in the printer's hands and will be ready soon.

There is a meeting of the Grounds and Buildings Committee at the State House this forenoon.

Kate Stetser got a nice letter from Miss Kincaide. She is teaching in Boston. She sent her love to her old pupils and she wishes she could see them again.

The river at Trenton is very high, on account of the heavy rain on Saturday. It is said that in the lower part of the city, the water is up to the second story windows of the houses.

Mr. Jenkins has some more of those little books that are so easy, and that tell about great men. He lent some of them to the pupils to read on Sunday. They were much interested in them.

Saturday afternoon Mrs. McClelland came to the school with Mary Carrigan's brother. He is eight years old. He is deaf. Mrs. McClelland is a deaf lady and she lives near Mary Carrigan's people. She wanted to have the little boy put in school.

Tuesday, Feb. 9.

There are three children in the hospital with roseola, which is a mild form of measles. They are quite comfortable.

Wednesday, Feb. 10.

Mr. Walsh, Minnie's father, has promised to send some books to our school library. He takes a great deal of interest in the school.

Somebody broke a glass bottle on the street near Bethany church. Mr. Jenkins will have some one clean it up, for fear of puncturing bicycle tires.

Mrs. Swartz took the girls downtown to the gymnasium last evening, to play basket-

ball. They enjoyed it very much and they are learning to play very well.

Thursday, Feb. 11.

Gussie Theil is making a drawing of cross-cut saw work. Mr. Abbott says it is the best drawing that any of the beginning class have made this year. Gussie takes pains with his work to make it perfect.

Mr. Hearnen is suffering very much in one of his feet, which was frozen in the cold weather last week. He took Cecil Toft up town with him yesterday to help him, because he could not get in and out of the buggy without hurting him very much. He has our sympathy.

Mrs. Lincoln, of Boston, a cousin of Mr. Jenkins, came yesterday afternoon to make him visit. She came to New York to see her brother who is an officer in the battleship Massachusetts, which just sailed for Charleston, S. C. This is a large ship with a crew of about 500 men.

Mr. Jenkins got a letter from Newark about a young man who says he is deaf and that his name is Harry Reid. He has a letter which he says is from Mr. Jenkins, recommending him, but it has no signature. Mr. Jenkins did not write it. He is a fraud, and very likely he is not deaf.

Friday, Feb. 12.

To-day is Lincoln's birthday. At 11:30 the pupils will assemble in the chapel and will have exercises appropriate to the day. There will be no school this afternoon.

The boys are having a checker tournament. It is not finished yet, so we do not know who is the champion. When we learn, we will give his name in the Bulletin.

Mr. Jenkins did not come over to the school after supper last evening. Some friends came to see him at his home.

Saturday, Feb. 13.

New pupils keep on coming. Yesterday Mr. Jenkins got papers from another deaf girl. She will come here soon.

Last evening the big boys played basket-ball in the gymnasium. Mrs. Swartz took the large girls down to see them. They had a fine time.

Yesterday being Lincoln's birthday, all the pupils were assembled in the chapel at 11:30. Mr. Jenkins talked about Lincoln, and asked many questions about him, which the pupils answered. Little Wesley Breece recited on his fingers an account of Lincoln and Lena Schaublin spoke a composition which she wrote about him. Both did very well and the pupils applauded them heartily.

Monday, Feb. 15.

Mr. Lloyd went to Newark on Saturday, to lecture to the deaf-mute society. He returned yesterday.

On Saturday Thomas Taggart got a box of flowers from home. There were some lovely roses and carnations in it. He gave some to Mr. Jenkins.

William Gallagher is now at work on a piece of inlaying or parquetry work. It is difficult, and requires great care, but Mr. Abbott says that he can do it right.

Mrs. Jenkins invited her Sundry-school class to her home on Saturday evening. She was very much pleased with them. They were very neat, and they talked pleasantly and behaved nicely.

Tuesday, Feb. 16.

Yesterday Cecil Toft finished painting the new closets in the girls' trunk room. The girls must be careful not to touch the paint while it is fresh.

Mr. Porter has a small gas-stove. He will use it to melt stereotype metal. It will save wear of type, because it can make a cast of advertisements and other standing matter.

A new girl came to the school yesterday afternoon. Her name is Sarah Keen, and she lives in Millville. She was brought here by a kind lady named Mrs. Bacon. Mrs. Bacon said that she knows Carrie Aspinwall, and she thinks her a sweet girl.

Mr. Jenkins's cousin, Mrs. Lincoln, visited the school yesterday morning. She was surprised to see how nicely some of the pupils can talk and write. She said that the sewing was very nice. She left Trenton this morning, for her home in Boston.

Wednesday, Feb. 17.

Rev. Father Aloysius called on Mr. Jenkins last evening. He is learning from Mr. Bowker to talk with his pupils. He invited the younger Catholic children to come to the church fair this afternoon, and the older ones to come Friday evening.

Yesterday afternoon the Committee from the Legislature and the Committee of the Board came to the school. They went into the chapel and Lena Schaublin spoke a composition which she wrote about Abraham Lincoln. Then the committee went over the house and the pupils went to the class-rooms. The committee went to some

of the class rooms and they were pleased to see the pupils write and speak. But the pupils and instructors in the industrial department were disappointed, because the visitors did not go to see them. They had no time, because they had to go to the Normal school. We hope they will come again.

Thursday, Feb. 18.

Dr. Ard was here yesterday and examined more of the other pupils' eyes.

The weather to-day is glorious. It makes every one who owns a bicycle eager to ride. It feels like spring.

We have a good many pupils sick just now, but none of them is in any danger. Two girls have just gone up with roseola, and many boys and girls have coughs and colds.

Yesterday afternoon three gentlemen from Passaic came to visit the school. They asked for Minnie Walsh because they know her father. They were much pleased with the school.

Yesterday Donald Jenkins finished a bookshelf for his mother. He made it in the manual training department at the Model School. Mrs. Jenkins was surprised and pleased that he could make it.

Last evening Mr. Cascella took the boys down to the gymnasium to play basket-ball. They were careful to obey the rules. Mr. Sharp went down to see them play. He says that they are improving, especially Gallagher, who will make a star player.

Saturday, Feb. 20.

Yesterday Mr. Jenkins had to go home because he was sick. Mr. Lloyd took his place in the chapel last evening. He came over to school this morning, but he could not stay very long. Mrs. Myers also was sick with a sore throat, but she came down this morning. She is not well yet.

Day before yesterday Mr. Jenkins got a few more books for the library. They are story books, but they tell about history. Among them is "The White Company," which some of the large boys have been wanting to read. Another good one is "For Faith and Freedom."

Last evening "Company A," of the 7th Regiment, of which Cecil Toft is a member, came up to play a practice game of basket-ball with our boys. The game resulted in a score of 21 to 1 in favor of the visiting team. Our boys played a very fast game. Messrs. Gallagher and Krokenberger doing especially well. Mrs. Swartz took some of the big girls down to the gymnasium to see the game.

Monday, Feb. 22.

Yesterday afternoon several deaf gentlemen visited the school. Among them were Messrs. Bowker, Nutt, and Purcell, of this city, and Mr. G. Harry Rigg, of Burlington.

Mr. Jenkins has the grip. He has been sick since Friday. Mr. Lloyd has lectured for him. Mrs. Myers is also ill with a quinsy sore throat. She was better on Saturday, but she is worse again.

This is Washington's Birthday, and there will be no regular school, but the pupils will work in the morning and they will have the afternoon to themselves. In the evening they will have a reunion in the girls' sitting room. Mrs. Bice is going to take some of the girls in the afternoon.

Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Porter went to Masonic Hall to see a game of basket-ball between the Trenton team and a team New York. Mr. Cook, the instructor of gymnastics at the New York institution, was the captain of the New York team. The game was a close one, but the home team won. Mr. Cook spent the night at Mr. Porter's.

Tuesday, Feb. 23.

Donald Jenkins is much interested in photography. He has a camera and takes pictures of objects out of doors.

We are sorry to say Mrs. Myers is still confined to her room with quinsy sore throat. The doctor hopes that it will break very soon, when she will get well.

Mr. Jenkins was not able to get over to the school at all yesterday, as he was suffering from the grip. He is much better today, and has come to the school this morning.

This morning Mr. Jenkins got a large box full of books for the library. They were given by Minnie Walsh's father and some of his friends. They are for our library. There were also some things for Minnie in the box. Mr. Jenkins will write to thank the donors of the books.

Last evening the large boys went down to the gymnasium to practice for the game of basket-ball that they are going to play with a team of hearing boys. Some of the large girls wanted to see them, so Mrs. Swartz let them go, with Mrs. Groff as chaperon. They enjoyed it very much.

Our New York Letter.

BY ROBERT E. MAYNARD.

MIDWINTER found the deaf of Gotham in the full enjoyment of social activity, the masked ball of the Fanwood Quad Club being the principal event. It was held February 4th in the Lexington Assembly rooms, one of the most respectable halls to be found in New York city. A more ideal evening for a ball could not be imagined, and that the deaf appreciated these conditions was evident by the large number of deaf-mutes that turned out to enjoy the occasion.

Despite of the hard times that so long have prevailed, among the large attendance were a great many who could ill afford the price of it and those little extras that go to swell the bill at these affairs; still their patriotism and pride in the deaf was not dampened thereby and the best proof of their interest and loyalty to the deaf was their presence. It is to this class of the deaf that the many societies of the deaf in Gotham look for support, and when times are hard naturally one or other of the clubs must suffer.

The ball was a success in every way. The costumes worn were within the bounds of propriety without a single exception, the crowd was an orderly and appreciative one, and never before did so many remain till the band struck up "Home, Home Sweet Home."

Does this not speak well for the Quad Club. It certainly added to the reputation of the club, if I may quote the opinions of the many who were present and who attest to the social part of the success. The treasury speaks for the other part. The object of the ball was not a money making venture, but simply to give the friends of the club an opportunity to enjoy an evening in social conversation and to partake, at their pleasure, of the twenty-four dances on the program.

Unlike balls of the past, the deaf were conspicuous by their presence and the hearing people by their absence. The number of the deaf greatly exceeded that of the latter, and not a single hitch occurred to mar the pleasure of the evening. The "Yellow Kid" was there direct from the *New York Journal* office a la occult, and was one of the mysteries of the evening. He proved to be Charles LeClercq.

Another incident of the evening was where a certain young gentleman, who has a wife and two children, sought to have a jolly good time with a certain young "miss," who was *en masque*. The young man had left wife and children at home, at least he supposed so. The "young miss" he courted, danced with and feted had a good thing and was pushing it along. After she had had her share of good things she pushed him a little further and lifted her mask. Behold, it was his wife! The astonishment thereat was more than words can tell, and you can well imagine it left an imprint on his brow that can never be erased.

An excellent committee had the affair in charge and be it to their credit said that their work was well done, and it will prove a benefit to future entertainments given by the club.

I had before me an invitation to the Wooden wedding of a certain Mr. and

Mrs. —— on Feb. 20th. The printing of the card is very bad for any printer to let leave his office. Accompanying the invitation is the following letter:—

Feb. 2, 1897.

DEAR FRIEND:—If you wish to join the party you will please contribute 50 cents towards buying a present and some delicious morsel, or raisins.

Send money to me before the 15th inst.

Sincerely,

The above, I think, calls for a little correction. Now it happened that a neighbor celebrated their fifth or Wooden wedding the other week and I was there. The invitation thereto called for nothing but my presence, and of course I did not go without some token of the cabinet-maker's art.

Then when you get an entirely different invitation and you think it over, doesn't it make you blush, at least some hearing friends did, to glance at the letter above and then at the invitation enclosed, to think that such gross ignorance of the rules of etiquette exist among some deaf-mutes of New York? Do you suppose trouble was taken to find out. Others of the deaf in New York who received invitations to the same were equally as loud in denouncing the scheme. The practice of pulling off these sort of affairs under the veil of "surprise parties," I believe, is hurting the deaf in certain quarters.

In New Jersey, not long ago, such affairs received a sudden check by an exposure that proved only too true that insult had been added to injury, and the funds contributed by the committee for the purchase of a present were returned by the assessments, and the profits went to the committee.

It was not until a failure was recorded that some one spoke out and resulted in the exposure of the distasteful practice. I had hoped New Yorkers had learned a lesson from this, and I would say that to abide by the rules of etiquette and cover up all traces of suspicion, will prove in a great way to uplift the social standing of the deaf. We can well do away with this barbarous practice, or else content ourselves with none of the "surprises."

February 12th, Lincoln's Birthday, a dance was given at Fanwood. It was a subscription affair and was confined to the officers of the institution and their friends. It proved a successful affair and a very pleasant evening was passed. On the evening of Washington's Birthday the pupils held their annual Masquerade Party, which was a private affair and only pupils and officers were allowed in costume. Many graduates were on hand to witness the affair and expressed their approbation of the efforts and success of the party.

The fruits of advice through this column could not be better illustrated than, when one week after the January WORKER appeared, the report came that the projected reorganization of the Protean Society was dead. The glory of the once famous Proteans is therefore safe in the walls of Fanwood, according to the stand I took in the matter, and I am given to understand that if ever the graduates and ex-members

bers of that club of school boys ever attempt to recognize, it will be under a different name. So let it be, and to this I have no objection. At Fanwood, everybody who remembers, and participated in joys and successes of the Proteans, were one and all loud in praise of the work the SILENT WORKER had done in this direction.

The Union League is considering the advisability of holding an excursion this summer, but it appears that the majority of the club fear the effect of the present poor times on such affairs the coming summer and the idea may fall through. The Fanwood Quad Club decided to have an afternoon and evening festival, the vote in favor of an excursion having been in the minority. The Lexington Athletic Club proposes to have an athletic meet and the deaf-mute athletes are laying up a store of witch-hazel and arnica. Other clubs, so far, have made no announcements.

The Fanwood Basket-ball club has been playing very well of late, with one or two exceptions, and has some creditable victories to its credit. One idea I would like to suggest in connection with this topic is that as basket ball has taken such a hold on the people, the attendance at games being all the way from 700 to 1000 people, and as the Fanwoods have visited important cities and towns for miles and miles around, wouldn't it be feasible for the club to petition the school to print 500 cards for each game, on one side the single hand alphabet and on the other an advertisement of the school and its advantages. While circulating the alphabet among the hearing, it would at the same time bring the school before the public and perhaps insure many new pupils, who are now growing up in ignorance.

To the Prophet.—Like yourself, I had already decided upon an occupation before I became deaf, therefore the surmise of my being a country doctor, had I retained my hearing, is quite out of the way also.

The Quad Club has taken out a lease on its old club room at 16th street and Third avenue, for another year. A nominating committee will present to the club at its March meeting two lists of officers, which shall lie on the table for one month. The annual election comes off the first Saturday in April and the installation of officers at the annual dinner, two weeks after the election. The report of the Executive Committee, which is of great importance, will be read at the meeting on March 6th, and all members are earnestly requested to attend.

The report that work is to begin on the new edifice of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes on the grounds at 145th St. and Amsterdam avenue, purchased two years ago, is received with gladness by the entire community of the deaf.

Gaetano Giola, the Italian magician (the Hermann of the Deaf) will appear under the auspices of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, on Thursday evening, March 11th. The affair will come off at 8.15 sharp in the Central Opera House. A sociable will be given after the performance. Mr. Giola is said to be a very clever performer and besides this is a sculptor of high ability.

Subscribe for the SILENT WORKER.

ALL SORTS.

A writer expresses as his opinion that the deaf after leaving school have as much right to political opinion and to suffrage as have the hearing. No one is likely to dispute the claim. The wonder is that the opinion should have been expressed, as if there could be any doubt in the matter. In this state an educated deaf man has an advantage over an uneducated hearing one when it comes to the right of suffrage, and in any part of the country we believe the educated deaf are quite as competent to intelligently exercise this right as are other people—and frequently the plan of their education makes them more so than the average man.—*Miss. Voice.*

The Wisconsin school has re-arranged the daily schedule so as to allow the pupils more time in the shops. "Although more time will be given to the industries than has been done heretofore, the time for study remains the same." We think this is as it should be. A time approaching a workman's solid half day should be devoted to the work in the shop, and it should not be divided by a portion of school or study either. The habit of continuous steady work cannot be formed in little bits of time, and the importance of the habit is so great to all who work, that everything should give way to it.—*Michigan Mirror.*

Lift your hat reverently when you meet a school teacher of a primary school. She is the good angel of the republic. She takes the bantling fresh from the home nest, and full of pouts and passions—an ungovernable wretch whose mother admits she sends him to school to get rid of him. This lady, who knows her business, takes a carload of these little anarchists, one of whom single handed and alone is more than a match for his parents, and at once puts them in the way of being useful and upright citizens. At what expense of toil and soul weariness. Here is the most responsible position in the whole school, and if her salary was double she would not receive more than she earns.—*Ex.*

Gen. Russel A. Alger, of Michigan, who is to be Secretary of War in McKinley's cabinet is the same Gen. Alger whose portrait confronted the members of the convention at every turn while at the Flint Institution in 1895. The pupils of the school telegraphed their congratulations when it became known that he had been selected to a cabinet position, and have just had a kind letter of acknowledgement from the General. The secret of the friendship between them is that while Governor of Michigan he regularly sent a check for \$100 to the school to get up a Christmas tree for the pupils and was always a firm friend of the Institution when legislation effecting it was had.—*Kentucky Standard.*

(Continued on next page.)

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To any person interested in humane matters, or who loves animals, we will send free, upon application, a copy of the "ALLIANCE," the organ of this Society. In addition to its intensely interesting reading, it contains a list of the valuable and unusual premiums given by the paper. Address THE NATIONAL HUMANE ALLIANCE, 410-411 United Charities Building, New York.

ALL SORTS.

Mrs. Mills, in her Chinese School for the Deaf, finds Bell's Universal Visible Speech Alphabet of great assistance in teaching her pupils, as they can learn to write and read words much more rapidly in those symbols than in the characters used by the Chinese. The twenty-seven letters of our manual alphabet can not be used for Chinese words, as they are not alphabetically written.—*Miss. Voice.*

All of our readers are perhaps familiar with the name of Helen Marison Burnside, through the sweet verses they have so often seen on Christmas cards, but perhaps few of them are aware of the fact that this sweet singer has been deaf since she was twelve years of age. More than six thousand of her verses have been published on

was a man who apparently was very deaf, for he came to the service armed and equipped with an immense brass ear-trumpet, and as soon as the service began went forward and took his seat well up on the pulpit stairs. The clergyman's little daughter was among the auditors; she had never seen an ear-trumpet, and the spectacle of the form on the pulpit stairs steadily holding that instrument to his head filled her with awe and wonder. On her way home from church, the first thing she said to her father when they were alone was: "Papa, was that an archangel by you?"—*Sel.*

Two or three years ago, our country was visited by a deaf French nobleman, Baron Ernest Grielet De Geer. An incident narrated in the *Journal des Sourds Mutes*, Paris, France, would seem to show that M. de Geer

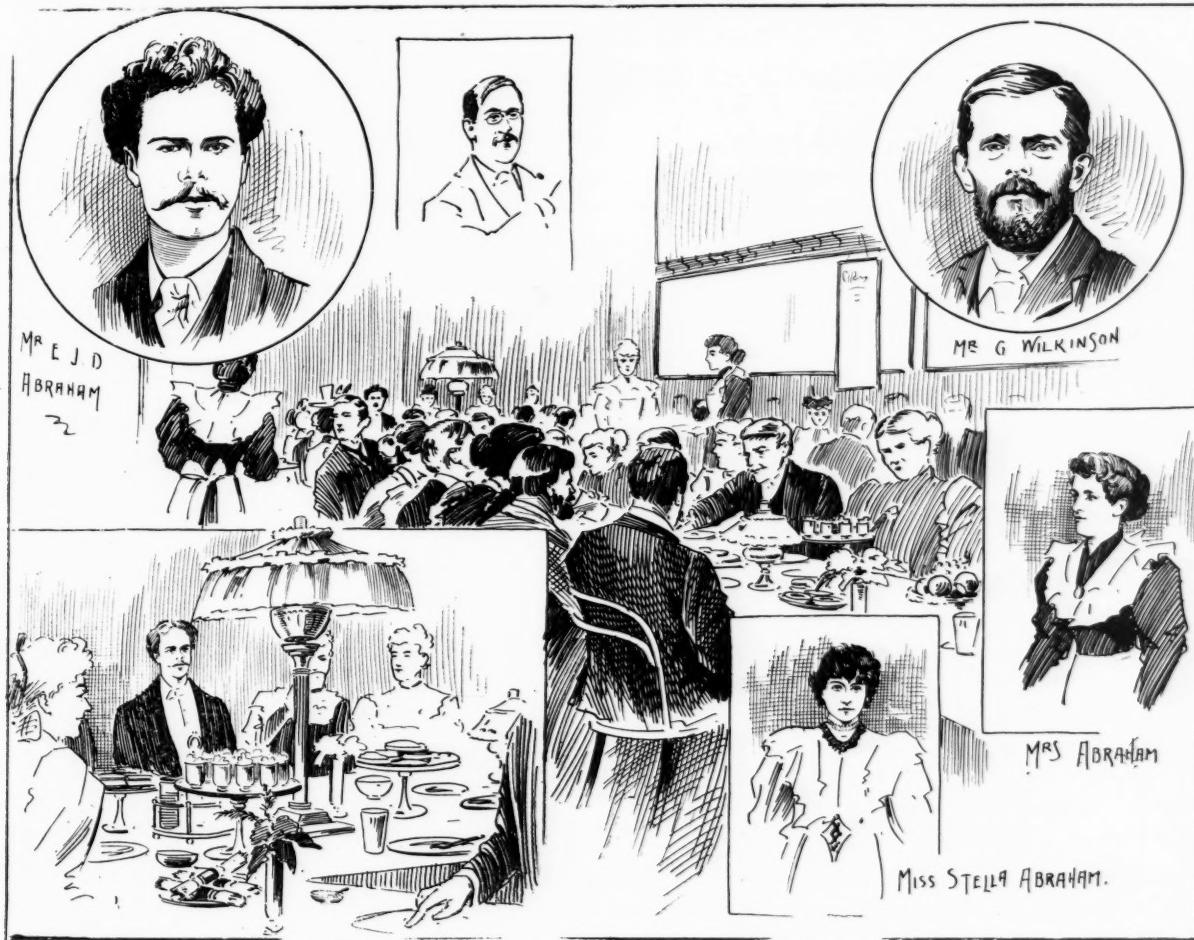
natural ear, which speaks to human beings louder than the buzz of social conversation, louder than the tumult of the market place, or even the roar of cannon in battle. It is a voice which the deaf can hear, and which the strongest of men cannot destroy. It is called "the still small voice;" but its stillness and smallness are really the elements of its greatness and power. All men have heard it, though all have not understood it or yielded to its demands.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

HIS BROTHER WAS DEAF.
A millionaire railway king has a brother who is hard of hearing, while he himself is remarkable as having a very prominent nose. Once the railway king dined at a friend's house, when he sat between two ladies, who talked to him very loudly rather to his annoyance, but he said nothing.

tion of each volume. Finally he came to volume 28, but the clerk who had it was not discharged. He is a deaf mute.—*S. F. Post.*

THE DEAF IN STORIES.

Many of the pretty stories published now-a-days in our monthly magazines and story papers have as leading characters deaf persons, who are made, by the authors of the stories, subjects, of heroic and unselfish devotion to those they respect and serve. This tendency in literature has lately sprung into prominence. Although the deaf have always been good characters for the story writer, they did not formerly take the leading role in interesting stories published in popular and widely read magazines. We look upon this as an indication of advancement. People are thinking about the deaf, writing about them,



DEAF-MUTES ENJOYING A CHRISTMAS DINNER IN ENGLAND.

Christmas cards and these little messengers have gladdened many a heart at Christmas time.—*Ala. Messenger.*

Everybody, and especially the deaf, will wish Dr. Bell and Tesla the very best of luck in their efforts to make electricity carry light along a wire as freely as it now conveys sound. When that happy day comes, and we wave up Dr. Bell to enquire about a certain statistical percentage, we are willing to bet an Oneida county pumpkin that he will elect to talk with us by signs or daectylography rather than by oralism, even though our most expert lip-reader guard our end of the phone.—*Deaf-Mutes' Register.*

Some years ago a well-known divine was spending his summer holidays with his family in the Mendips. One Sunday he accepted an invitation to preach in one of the churches of that region. In the congregation

is one of nature's noblemen, as well as one created by civil law. The incident occurred during the siege of Paris by the Germans, 1871, when the heroic resistance of the Parisians was accompanied by so much suffering among the people.

A large number of deaf people in the city, thrown out of work, were soon reduced to the direst extremity. At this point appeared M. de Geer. He was not a resident of Paris, but he had joined his fellows in the city before it was invested. He was rich, and when distress began to appear among the deaf, he displayed a tireless activity in moving among them, distributing relief wherever it was needed, either in the form of money, food, or encouragement. By his efforts, many were saved from despair, and possibly from death by starvation.—*The Companion.*

There is a voice, unheard by the

monarchs, and then said in an ordinary tone to the other: "Did you ever see such a nose in your life? Pardon me, ladies," said the millionaire, "it's my brother who is deaf." Imagine the horror of the ladies.—*E.v.*

HIS DEAFNESS SAVED HIM.
"Who has volume 28?" shouted Deputy Register Larry Welch, as he rushed into the main room of the registration department.

There was no response, and the thirty clerks went on with their work.

"I want volume 28!" he announced in a louder tone. Still there was no answer.

"Who's got volume 28?" he yelled.

"I want it and I'm in a hurry."

The clerks worked away in silence.

"Some man has got volume 28, and when I find it I'll fire him," and Larry commenced a personal inspec-

tation of each volume. Finally he came to volume 28, but the clerk who had it was not discharged. He is a deaf mute.—*S. F. Post.*

The latest to attract our attention is a short story in the January *Munsey's Magazine* where a deaf and dumb woman figures as a spy, not prominently nor conspicuously but, as a matter of every day occurrence. The same story contains the following simple little air:

She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb,
Huzza! She spurns the Northern scum!
She breaths, she burns! She'll come, she'll
come, Maryland! My Maryland!
—*Mr. Airy World.*

How doth the busy farmer
Market his garden truck,
When both his mules and wagon
Within the mud are stuck?
—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

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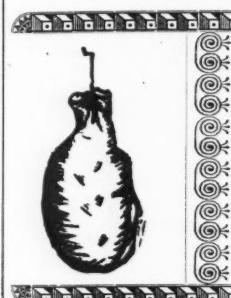
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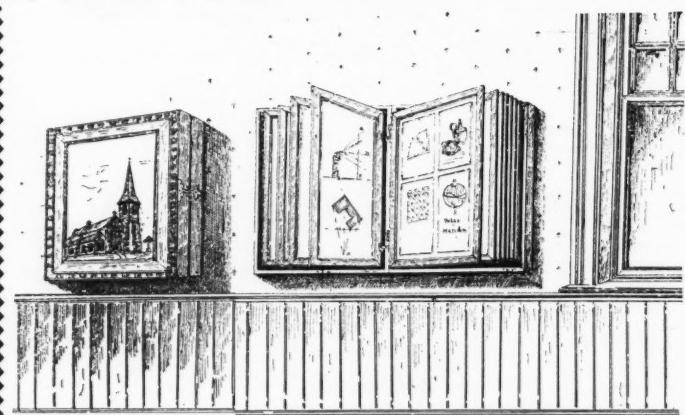
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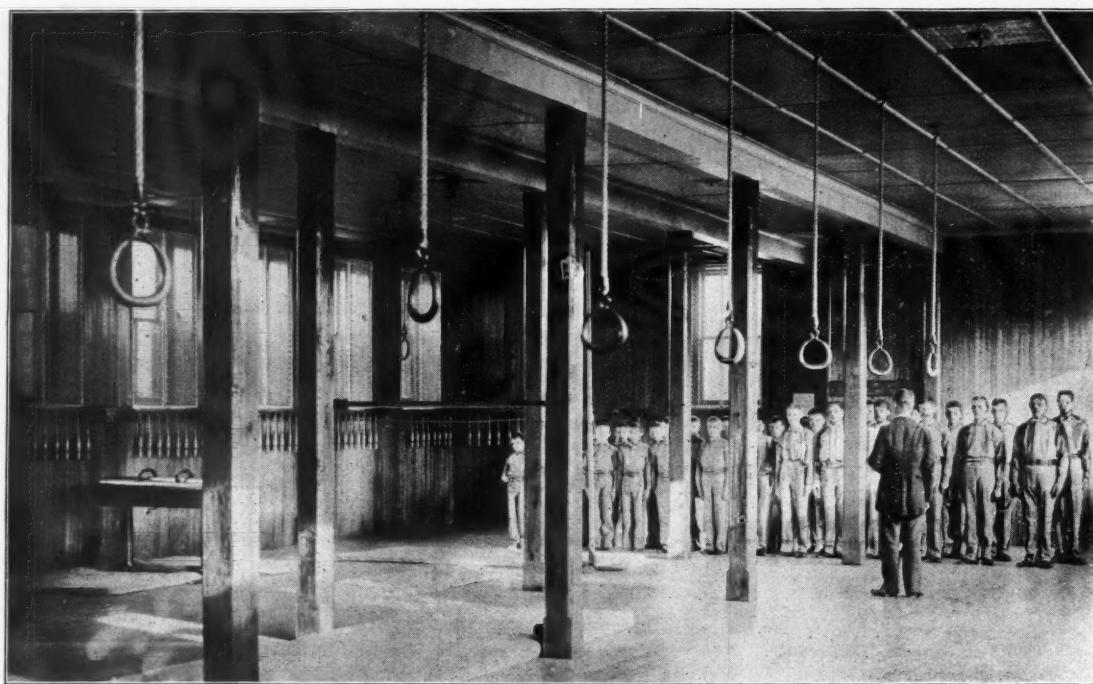


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